# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

APRIL 1945

*We've Earned Those Bases*
By H. V. Kaltenborn

*Government Jobs for Dischargees*
By Tyrrell Krum

Navy Task Force Chart

# "What do you mean ... *EX*-service man?"

THE sergeant grinned as he slipped me my mustering out orders:

*"Well, where do you go from here, EX-service man?"*

*"Kindly omit the 'EX'," I said "I was a service man long before I got into this man's army, a Texaco Service man, and I'll be one again when I get home."*

As a Texaco Dealer, I'll have something the motorist can't get anywhere else — a swell line-up of special service features. My business will grow, just as it did before the war, because people *like* Texaco's Registered Rest Rooms, Circle Service and all the others.

*"Drive into my station some time, Sarge, and see what a real service man can do for your car!"*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

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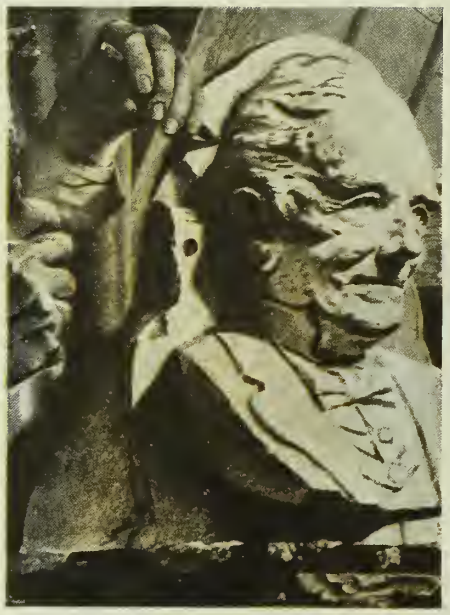

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# THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1945
VOLUME 38 • NO. 4


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## The Editor's Corner

THIS month's cover is a color photograph of Lieutenant (jg) Patrick Brennan, pilot of a Douglas Dauntless (SBD5), aboard his plane, which is engaged in North Atlantic anti-submarine patrol work. The planes in this service are painted white because they blend in with the fog, snow-capped mountains and icebergs common to this area. Lieutenant Brennan is 28 years of age, and his home is at L'Anse, Michigan. He has been in the Naval Air Force three years, having received his commission at Corpus Christi, Texas, and his

(*Continued on page 4*)

A service man or woman would like to read this copy of your Legion Magazine. For overseas, seal the envelope and put on fifteen cents in stamps, as first class postage is required. If you put the *National Legionnaire* in the envelope carrying the magazine overseas, make the postage eighteen cents instead of fifteen. For the home front the mailing charge for the magazine and the *National Legionnaire* is four cents—unsealed envelope. For the magazine alone, three cents.

*In sending the magazine to a Fleet Post Office,* Parcel Post rates apply—three cents in an unsealed envelope—but mark envelope "Magazine — Second Class Matter."

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*The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.*

# "Why—that couldn't happen in a million years!"

**1** Oh, so you don't think it could! Remember Sandy Davis from the office? Well, he and I took a trip up to Maine early last spring to do a little trout fishing . . .

**2** I didn't notice Sandy working the foot of the pool behind me when I cast. Somehow, on one of my back casts, the barb of my fly caught the base of his scalp.

**3** That little hook sure gave Sandy a mean dig. I got out my first aid kit, put on some antiseptic . . . and thought that was that.

**4** It wasn't. Later infection set in. Luckily, my North America Comprehensive Personal Liability insurance took care of everything, and we're still friends.

IT sounds like a fish story. But freak accidents like that can and do happen!

Are you insured against these—well, call them "quirks of fate"? Or will you have to dig down into your own pocket and pay cash when the unforeseen strikes?

Set your mind at ease with North America's new Comprehensive Personal Liability insurance. It is the biggest $10 worth of protection we know of!

Your local Agent will show you how this broad, stream-lined policy gives you and your family $10,000 protection against lawsuits for injury to others or damage to their property for only $10 a year.

Let your local insurance man tell you, too, whether you're getting the most out of those other policies you carry. To Protect What You Have completely, you *should* carry:

- **Adequate Insurance on your Liability**—to pay legal costs and judgments for accidental injury or damage to others.
- **Adequate Insurance on your Possessions**—to pay for loss or damage to your house and other belongings.
- **Adequate Insurance on Yourself**—to pay doctor and hospital bills if injured, and an income while laid up.

*Insurance Company of North America, founded 1792, oldest American stock fire and marine insurance company, heads the group of North America Companies which write practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile, Casualty and Accident insurance through your own Agent or Broker. North America Agents are listed in local Classified Telephone Directories.*

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IT STANDS FOR THE INTEGRITY

OF THE MAKER

*The familiar* shield on a Florsheim Shoe is more than a mark of pride in a job well done; it's the maker's pledge of quality. Confidence in the Florsheim name and the integrity behind it has built the largest fine shoe business in the world.

*Most Styles* $10.50 *and* $11

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THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN



After you finish reading this magazine, share it with some service man or woman. For mailing charges see box on page 2.

## THE EDITOR'S CORNER

(*Continued from page 2*)

home station is Naval Air Station Floyd Bennett, New York. In the photograph the lieutenant is forming a "four-oh" with his thumb and forefinger to signify that everything is okay (4.0 is the Navy's equivalent of 100 percent).

IN *An Educator Looks at UMT,* on page 19, Dr. Edward C. Elliott, distinguished President of Purdue University, tells you why he thinks that Universal Military Training should be adopted as a permanent policy of the United States, *now.* It is interesting to note that in early February the newspapers carried a story of how fourteen noted American educators had sent to President Roosevelt a joint statement supporting Mr. Roosevelt's demand that Congress set up a system of compulsory military training for all young Americans. The signers of the letter, whose text I omit only because of space restrictions, were: John G. Bowman, Chancellor, University of Pittsburgh; Edwin S. Burdell, Director, Cooper Union; Robert C. Clothier, President, Rutgers University; Karl T. Compton, President, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Thomas S. Gates, Chairman of the Board, University of Pennsylvania; Ernest M. Hopkins, President, Dartmouth College; Robert L. Johnson, President, Temple University; Stanley King, President, Amherst College; William Mather Lewis, President, Lafayette College; Charles Seymour, President, Yale University; Franklin B. Snyder, President, Northwestern University; John J. Tigert, President, University of Florida; Levering Tyson, President, Muhlenberg College; Blake R. Van Leer, President, Georgia School of Technology.

H. V. KALTENBORN is one of the best radio commentators of the day. He gets his facts straight, and he is forthright in his presentation of those facts. Soon after he sent us the article *We've Earned Those Bases* which you will find on page 10 I heard him speak on his NBC program about the fighting between the British and the ELAS forces in Greece which ended just a few months ago. Believing that you would be interested in getting the facts straight, I asked Mr. Kaltenborn for a transcript of his talk. Here it is in part: "I have before me the report of the British Trades Union delegation that visited Greece last month. Under the leadership of Sir Walter Citrine, it studied the Greek situation first hand at a time when British

policy in Greece was subject to bitter attacks in both Britain and the U.S. I was in Britain when the attacks began. On the basis of what I had learned in various parts of Europe and what I later learned in London, I became convinced that the attacks were unfair.

"This Trades Union Delegation had participated in the attacks. Now its report makes it clear that the attacks were unfair, that Churchill's policy was absolutely right.

"Citrine and four union men arrived in Greece on January 22nd. They had their first surprise when they learned that Greek union members wanted nothing to do with the ELAS organization that was leading the revolution. They spent ten days in Greece seeing everything and everybody. They have now returned to Britain and have published a long and detailed report on what they saw and heard. These men are completely independent. They were as critical of British government action as anybody before they went. Their report is a complete answer to those who saw selfish motives behind British action in Greece.

"The British delegation tried to keep out of Greek politics. They are cautious of what they say. But even out of their cautious statements, a clear picture emerges of the ruthless activities of the ELAS people Churchill called gangsters . . .

"Significant in the report is the continual repetition of the fact that the people of Greece are even at this moment in a state of fear. They are not full of resentment at foreign interference, they want more interference from both Britain and the U.S. to give them freedom. They have absolutely no hope of freedom under ELAS rule. It is the sober judgment of this report by freedom-loving British Trade Unionists that only by British intervention was a wholesale massacre averted.

"Most of the ELAS leaders are Communists. They acted in Greece exactly as Communists have acted whenever they exercise power, or try to seize power. They want freedom for themselves and slavish obedience from others. The support of Communist gangsters in Europe by well-meaning but uninformed sentimentalists in Britain and the U.S. is going to cause us a lot of trouble before this year is out."

ALEXANDER GARDINER

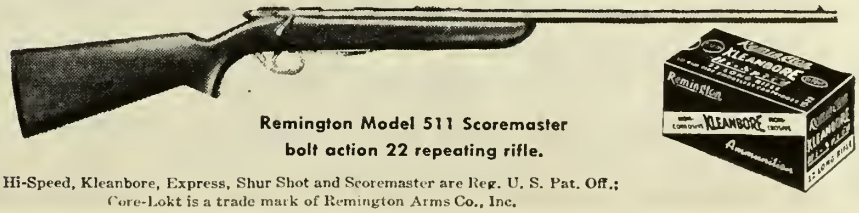
**Four million emergency farm workers, including 1,500,000 youths and 750,000 women, are needed on America's farm front-line this year. Remember, "Food Fights for Freedom," our production goals are again high and our farm manpower supply is short. Prevailing wages will be paid. See your County Agricultural Agent today and enlist in the food front army!**

**One of the proudest days** in any boy's life is the day Dad gives him his first 22 rifle—especially if it's a sturdy Remington with some powerful Remington Hi-Speed 22 cartridges.

We hope that the time is not far off when once again we can supply Remington rifles and shotguns, Remington Hi-Speed 22's with Kleanbore priming, Remington Express and Shur Shot shells, and Remington big game cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets. *Remember, If It's Remington—It's Right!* Today, of course, we are engaged in the production of military materiel. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.*

Remington

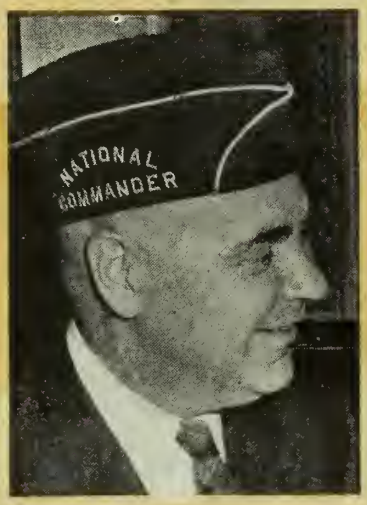
DU PONT



**Remington Model 511 Scoremaster bolt action 22 repeating rifle.**

Hi-Speed, Kleanbore, Express, Shur Shot and Scoremaster are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Core-Lokt is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

# TOLERANCE IS AMERICANISM




**By EDWARD N. SCHEIBERLING**
NATIONAL COMMANDER

THE FINEST CONTRIBUTION The American Legion can make to humanity in the uncertain years ahead is to remain ever vigilant for tolerance and religious liberty. It is needed today more than ever before. It is the only solid base upon which we can stand in our efforts to safeguard the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. This sacred document was drafted by our founding fathers as a pattern of government for people from many lands who came to America to escape intolerance and religious persecution.

And The American Legion cannot crusade for tolerance unless The Legion itself is tolerant. This applies to every component part of the Legion's whole structure.

We have proudly proclaimed to the world that the Legion knows no economic, racial or political ties or creeds. These words must be translated into deeds as a proof of tolerance.

Amid the heated passions of wartime, when anger and hatred are abroad, it is particularly important that we in the Legion should remain cool when confronted by the foes of justice. The greatest of these foes is intolerance—unwillingness to treat fairly persons of all races, all creeds, all colors.

Fighting under the Stars and Stripes today are men of virtually every race and creed. There are no class or race distinctions in our fighting forces. No such distinctions should be permitted on the homefront. When they are in evidence, the Legion should be the first to stamp them out.

The American Legion, created by men who fought all forms of intolerance in time of war, is an organization of great influence. The Legion can be no stronger than its weakest link.

One of the hallowed shrines for every Legionnaire is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier—a man known but to God. No living mortal can testify to whether he is Jew, Gentile, Negro or of any other race. We honor him as an American soldier who gave his life in the cause of world understanding and tolerance. The American Legion has always maintained that bigotry and race hatred have no place in American life.

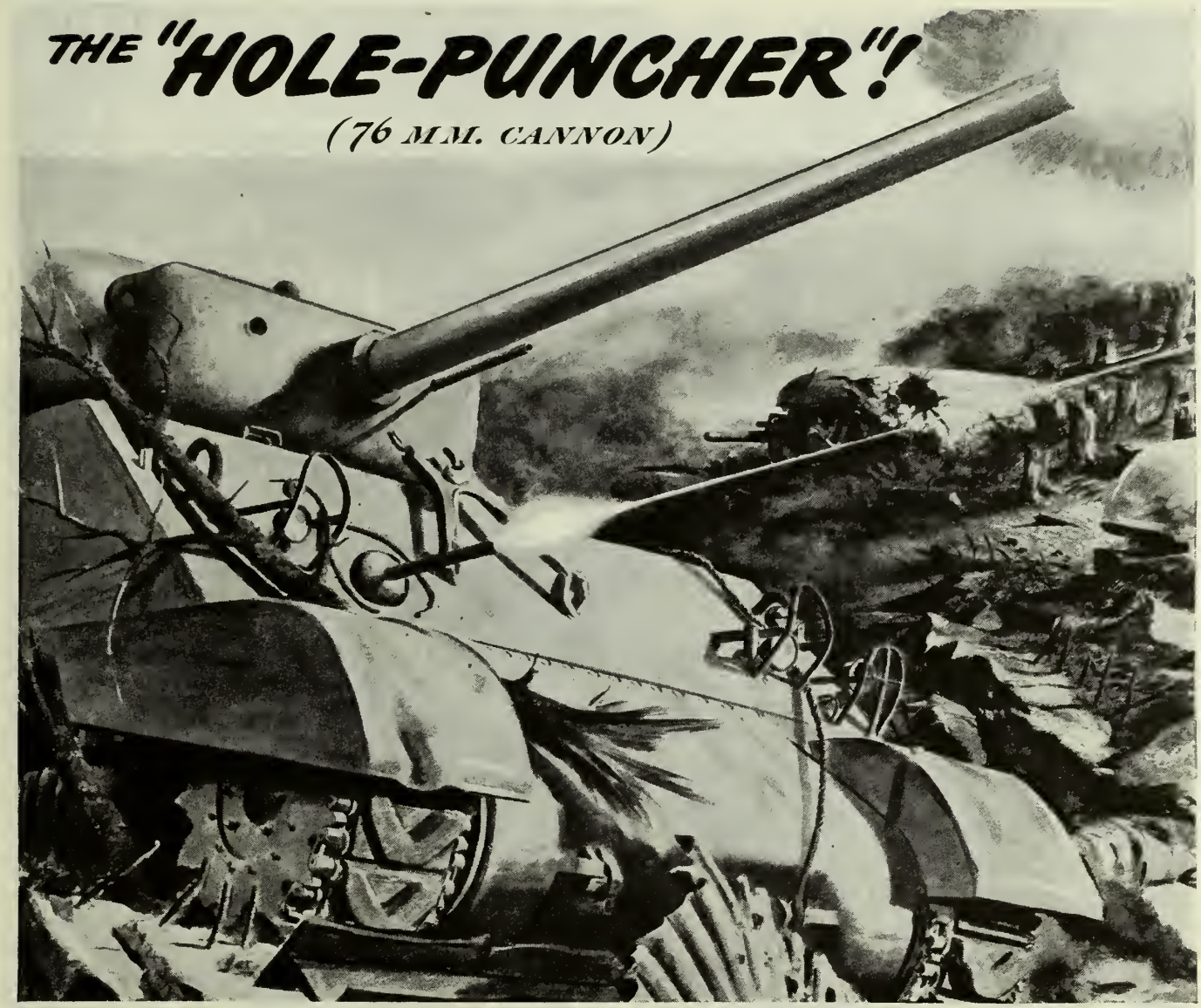
For the Legion to be a party to any single act of intolerance; for the Legion to sanction any such act by passive approval, is out of all accord with the principles to which the Legion is dedicated.

One of the greatest evils that could befall our great organization is for the men and women on our global fronts to fear that the Legion stands for Americanism in word, but not in deed.

There can be no Americanism without lasting tolerance.

# THE "HOLE-PUNCHER"!

*(76 MM. CANNON)*



## It's America's Hard-Hitting Tank Cannon—with Fire-Power to Punch Holes in Heavy Concrete!

**YOUR MOST POTENT WEAPON IS A DOLLAR BILL!**

Don't let it burn a hole in your pocket. Let it help *punch* holes in enemy armor. Put it with other dollars . . . to buy an extra Bond . . . that will help buy a "Hole-Puncher" cannon!

**BUY WAR BONDS!**

*Pinned down by murderous fire from a pillbox, all we could do was hug the ground—and hope for a miracle . . . Then it came!—a 76 mm. "miracle" that smacked into that pillbox with a force not even reinforced concrete could withstand. WHAM!—another shell found its mark. And as those earth-shaking explosions continued, we knew that our tanks were right behind us. Those good old Shermans, with their long-nosed, long-range "Hole-Puncher" guns, were pounding the enemy's defenses to pieces, so we could move forward again.*

THE man who first called America's 76 mm. tank cannon a "Hole-Puncher" really knew his Fire-Power. Hundreds of riddled enemy vehicles and shattered enemy fortifications bear witness to the effectiveness of this versatile weapon, which Oldsmobile has been producing for over two years. Oldsmobile also builds automatic cannon for planes, aircraft rockets, aircraft engine parts, heavy-duty axles for military vehicles . . . plus that most critically needed war product of all, *heavy-caliber ammunition* . . . 90 mm., 105 mm., 155 mm. shell. Fire-Power is our business—*our urgent business*—until Victory is final!

# OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

*FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS*

U. S. Marine setting up a telephone switchboard on an island "somewhere in the Pacific"

*The girl in the telephone Business Office —thousands have come to know her courtesy and desire to help.*

# If only switchboards grew on trees!

That would make things a lot easier for our fighting men, for us, and for every one who is waiting for a home telephone.

But switchboards and telephones and electronic equipment of many kinds must still be made by telephone factories for the armed forces.

Your patience in this emergency makes us eager to take care of your home telephone needs just as soon as possible.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

The kid was still throwing grenades when the final push which took the hill was made

# The Deserter

By RUSSELL ANNABEL

THE dead merchant marine kid had been a deserter.

He had left his shipboard post in wartime, during the height of a particularly savage bit of fighting, and now he lay dead in the coarse tundra grass at the summit of Chicagof hill, with a bullet hole in his forehead. Until you came close to him and saw the wound he looked like a boy sleeping. His borrowed navy helmet had rolled off his head and there was a dirt smudge on his cheek, and the wet wind crying in from the North Pacific was blowing his blond hair. He looked as if he had lain down there in the grass for a rest after the furious fighting for the hill was finished.

The troops slogging wearily up the hill from the beach toward the sound of the guns had heard about him, and as they passed they glanced at his sprawled form and the expressions on their unshaven, sunburnt faces tightened. The kid had been only sixteen and he looked like anybody's younger brother. He was the kid who delivered papers in your block at home, the kid you used to watch playing high school baseball, the kid who used to date your bobby-sox sister. He looked like a hundred boys you knew and it didn't do you any good to see him lying dead in the tundra muck with a Jap 25 through his head, and to realize he had been classed a deserter.

Because, to those of us who knew his story, he was every 16-year-old kid in America.

This was the morning of the fourth day of the battle for Attu. The landing ships had ghosted in out of the fog banks and assault troops had gone ashore under cover

(Continued on page 44)

Drawing by BENTON CLARK

# We've Earned Those Bases

## By H. V. Kaltenborn

**National Security Demands That the Outposts We of the United States Have Paid For Remain Available to Us for All Time**

Illustrated by KENNETH THOMPSON

WITHIN the past 14 months I have made comprehensive air journeys across both the Atlantic and the Pacific. I have watched efficient American operations of magnificent American Air Bases all over the world. I have learned that we will have to surrender most of these bases with all their equipment, six months after the war's end.

I don't like it, and I believe that we should do something about it. Wherever I went, airfield commanders indicated deep concern. They are in the service, and cannot speak publicly, but they continue to wonder about our failure to negotiate agreements for the post-war use of American-built airfields located on foreign soil. We should not wait until after the war. Today we have a strong bargaining position—tomorrow, who knows?

To be sure, there will be international agreements on the joint use of air bases by commercial planes. We have negotiated reciprocal agreements with half a dozen countries. At the Chicago Aviation Conference last year, many nations agreed on the first and second freedoms of the air. The first is the right of passage for the planes of other countries, and the second is the right to land for the purpose of servicing a plane in transit.

But the U. S. needs more than that to operate its air transport lines to all parts of the world. We have always wanted our own weather service and our own radio service. We are, of course, ready to make these services available to the aircraft of other nations in accordance with the principles advocated by this country and agreed upon at the International Civil Aviation Conference in Chicago.

We must have our own fuel dumps, supply and repair stations, ground and flight crews and necessary installations for personnel. On most far-off islands, and in many foreign countries, facilities would be totally inadequate for the kind of air transport service we expect to run.

The war has given us leadership in this field. To maintain it, we must continue to have available the magnificent facilities which our Army and Navy Air Transport Services have created and developed all over the world.

I CAME back from my Pacific journey, convinced that no passenger who values time, will ever again cross that ocean by ship. It just takes too long, compared to the few hours in which a plane covers a thousand miles. One month often elapses from the time you board a ship in Australia, until you reach your destination in the U. S. Yet, I was able to broadcast from Australia on Wednesday, from Honolulu on Thursday (I gained one day by crossing the dateline), and from San Francisco on Friday. En route I spent a day and a night in the Hawaiian Islands, and one day in San Francisco. I made this journey across the Pacific in a Coronado flying boat which must be rated as a slow plane by modern standards. It cruised at around 160 miles an hour, whereas several transport planes now available cruise at 300 miles per hour.

The Boeing Stratoliner, which is the transport version of the Superfortress, can carry a payload 3,000 miles non-stop. Yet it should have the possibility of landing somewhere every one thousand miles. This is desirable, both for reasons of safety and to increase the payload it can carry.

Look at your Pacific map and pick out all the islands at which our planes must be able to land and refuel if they are to find an available way station every 1000 miles. Very few of the islands are under the American flag. Among others, you must include lonely Canton Island, Espiritu Santo, with its strategic location, New Georgia—a key point in the Solomon Islands; New Caledonia, at which our navy men look with longing and discriminating eyes. At every one of these bases, all under foreign flags, I found magnificent American airfields. The exact agreements for their use differ from island to island, but in no case do they appeal to an airminded American as a satisfactory permanent post-war arrangement.

WHEN we had wrested Tarawa in the Gilbert Islands from the Japanese, the British flag was raised alongside our own, and the films were tricked so as not to show this to the American public. Why not? Thanks to our indifference and neglect, the Gilbert Islands are British, when they might have been American. And the Marshalls, Carolines and Mariannas are Japanese when they might have been American. Will these mandated islands be returned to Japan after we have sacrificed thousands of American lives to re-conquer them? Certainly not! What then is to become of them? For the time being we hold them, and I trust we will continue to hold them until someone can establish a better claim.

It is suggested that they be internationalized. I'll vote *yes*, on one condition . . . that all other islands in the Pacific

(*Continued on page 38*)

# Hospital Stuff

By Hamilton Greene

Illustrations prepared from sketches made by the Author in the hospital

I DON'T suppose Olsen's leg really woke me up, but as usual, it was the first thing I was conscious of. I turned my nose into the pillow. Olsen was a hell of a good fellow and all that, but that leg of his could really curl your hair. They'd scraped the maggots out of it several days before, but it still stunk to high heaven.

George was already awake. He called to Wilson to come help him blow his nose. Wilson got out of bed and hunted up a bit of toilet tissue. George's perpetual gripe was that he had never wanted to pick his nose before, but now that both his arms were blown off it was his one consuming ambition.

"Howja sleep, George?" Wilson bellowed, leaning over close to George's ear, because George was almost stone deaf. George was in really tough shape. He had been holding a German mine, and by some accident it had gone off in his hands. Besides losing his arms and his hearing, his chest was caved in and he wore a heavy body cast that immobilized him completely. And of course he was blind.

George laughed. "Oh, I almost got a lot of sleep," he said, "but just as I got to really going good, the nurse woke me up with those shots to put me to sleep." But as a matter of fact, George hadn't slept for a damn, and most of us knew it. We all remembered one bitter night when George had almost gone nuts and had tried to knock himself out with his cast.

The ward was awake by now, so I started the laborious process of sitting up. I had worked out a complicated system of turns and twists so that I could get upright without my incision yanking the daylights out of me. The guys always liked to see me do it, and they cheered each convulsive effort as if I were an acrobat attempting his one supreme, highly improbable finale.

Once up, I was able to look up and down the length of the domed Nissen hut that was Ward 43 of the 188th General Hospital. This hospital, one of many scattered throughout Western England, was a 1500-bed plant, complete in every detail. All the patients, including myself, were front-line casualties that had been flown here by the Troop Carrier Command. For some of us it was just a stopping-off place on the long road back to the States. For others it would be home for varying lengths of time until the day when, completely healed, they would be returned for active service at the front.

Traffic, by now, was already heavy in the corridor. The ambulatory patients, several in wheel chairs, were making for the end of the hut to get to the latrine, and the ward boys were hustling up and down with "ducks" to the patients who were bedbound. I was not only bedbound but damned near busting by the time I got a duck. We were somewhat short of ward boys.

"Howja sleep, Oley?" I asked, and he made a rude noise. Oley was a paratrooper who had both his legs busted by an artillery shell in the Arnheim drop. Oley liked to tell about the accuracy and the precision with which his platoon had been bracketed by that barrage. The trouble was, it had been our own artillery. Of course, accidents like that sometimes happened. Oley wasn't bitter about it. He just wished he could get one good night's sleep.

I glanced down the corridor and could see that the ward boys were already busy with the breakfast trays. I wished it were hot-cake morning instead of powdered-egg morning, but I certainly couldn't kick. The food was extremely good most of the time,

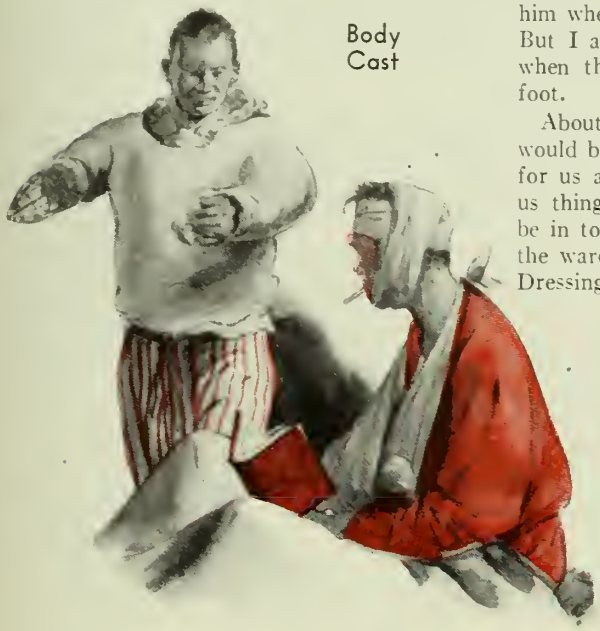
Dressings

**The Purple Heart men face their fight against pain with high courage, grateful to the doctors and nurses who serve them with skill and tireless devotion**

X-Ray

and besides, my stomach had been drilled apart only three weeks before and it was a miracle of surgery that I could eat at all. Wilson, however, had a bad mouth and was still on liquids, so he came over and sat on my bed, holding his right hand up in the air, because the stump of his amputated thumb hurt him if he didn't.

"Dolly says I'm put through for a Z.I." (Zone of the Interior, which means back to the U. S.) Disgust was plainly apparent in Wilson's voice. The bandage on his jaw moved in a lopsided way. The shell fragment that had gone through his mouth was the same one that had torn off his thumb. He had been a platoon leader who, with two of his men, took a pillbox near Saarlautern. The whole platoon had started for it, but by the time they got to it, only the three of them were left to take it.



Body Cast

"Don't you want to go home?" I asked Wilson, glancing at his thumbless hand. Wilson squinted at me through his bandages. "I could teach dirty fighting to the new guys!" he insisted, as he rose with dignity and walked down to the latrine.

The ward boys brought our coffee and the washing water, and the routine of our hospital day marched on. I washed hastily, hoping that Dolly, the head nurse, wouldn't notice I was skipping my legs today. Jeanie and Helen, the two day nurses, were taking care of the men who were handicapped by body casts, traction rigs, or simply because they had no hands at all. As they did their work with competent efficiency, the running fire of back chat was good to listen to. When the tank destroyer major and the lieutenant who had been a tank commander (but who never could be one again) began to fight the battle of Saarburg all over again with the same sardonic wisecracks about each other's unit, I realized the day had settled down to normal. I let my thoughts run ahead, visualizing the day's familiar routine.

In an hour, the patients scheduled for surgery would be wheeled out to the operating ward. There was no better surgeon in the world than the one to whom they would go, but not all of them would come back in one piece. Cahan was due for surgery today, and I knew just how we would kid him when they rolled him out of the ward. But I also knew how all of us would feel when they brought him back without his foot.

About eleven o'clock the Red Cross girls would be in to write our letters, buy things for us at the PX, brings us books, or get us things from town. The chaplain would be in to talk and kid. Captain Kinnerman, the ward surgeon, would make his rounds. Dressings. Prescriptions.

After lunch we might have a movie. Or two or three USO entertainers might be ushered in by the Red Cross to scamper up and down the aisle with that too-cheerful professionalism which always faintly embarrassed us. We sure appreciated these attentions, but for the most part we took our entertainment and our strength from each other. The day would drag on to supper time. We would listen attentively to the newscast from the front. We would read, write letters, and wish to hell the wife and kids could come walking in the door. We would get our extra blankets for the night. Pills. Shots. Grapefruit juice. Then at ten o'clock the lights would go out and we would face the long, long hours of night praying to God for sleep against the pain.

Day after day, the routine was the same. But if the boredom and discomfort came close to driving us nuts, we never for a moment forgot the miraculous fact that, after all, we were alive and safe. Even George, blind and deaf and with both arms gone forever, could say, "Hell, I'm lucky. You know that that mine might have killed me!" Yes, we were all lucky. But there was more to it than just luck. We all knew that the miracles of saving life that began at the battalion aid station and finished here, were due to the incredible efficiency of our whole hospital system, and, above all, to the dogged, never ending persistence of our doctors and nurses. There are simply not adequate words in the language to give them the credit they deserve.

I thought about these people this morning, as I rummaged in my little makeshift cabinet for paper and pencil. For several days now I had been trying to get a piece together for the Legion Magazine that would indicate the admiration I felt for the Medical Corps. I was familiar, of course, with the hard fact of their record—96 percent of all wounded saved by their skill. I let my mind run back to that bleak night three weeks before when the litter bearers had brought me into the battalion aid station, a few miles back of our lines at

(*Continued on page 29*)

New Customer

# Hell on Sky Japs

**BY ENSIGN JEAN PEARSON, USNR**

Your Navy fighting pilot goes for games or sleep in a big way, comes the pause in the day's occupation

"Here's how it went!" A pilot tells how he blasted Jap installations and got through ack-ack and fighters unscathed

A Hellcat, its prop spinning mightily, awaits the plane director's signal to take off for the hunt

"SOMETHING that will go upstairs faster."

It was Navy Pilot Butch O'Hare—Lieutenant Commander Edward H. O'Hare—speaking, and he was answering a query by President Roosevelt as the Chief Executive pinned the Congressional Medal of Honor on him, April 21, 1942. The President had asked, "Butch, what kind of a fighter plane do you need to beat the Japs?"

O'Hare, flying a Grumman Wildcat, single handed had shot down five enemy bombers in his first combat flight, to prevent an attack on his carrier. What he told the President spelled out as more climb and more speed for his fighter ship.

When, soon after the Battle of Midway, L. A. Swirlbul, Grumman vice-president and production genius, talked with other pilots during a trip to the Pacific area, he found them in agreement with O'Hare. The Wildcat, rated at 1200 horsepower, with a maximum speed of some 300 miles an hour and a range of approximately 1000 miles, was a trim little fighter, but no match for the speedy, slithering Zero with its high performance characteristics resulting from lightweight construction—construction which provided almost no protection for the pilot but his guns. Despite this handicap Navy pilots, principally because of superior gunnery and precision teamwork, had set up a five-to-one ratio over the Japs.

The result of all this was the Grumman Hellcat, F6F. The $88,500 Hellcat made its action debut in the attack on Marcus Island, September 1, 1943, as a 400-miles-an-hour plane. Even with belly tanks attached, the F6F-3 outran the Zeros—our men call them Zekes—and the enemy planes couldn't stay with it in a dive.

Water-injection gave it the added spurts of power.

Powered with a Pratt and Whitney double Wasp 2000-horsepower engine, the F6F-5 Hellcat of today greases along at well over 400 miles an hour. Its service ceiling is almost stratospheric—over 35,000 feet, or approximately seven miles straight up. Its range of over 1500 miles means that this carrier-based plane could go farther than from Saipan to Tokyo—1266 nautical miles. Cocked to fight with six .50-caliber gun barrels studding the leading edge of the wings, it also packs almost a ton of TNT in its two 1000 pound bombs. Add concrete-blasting rockets to the Hellcat's armament and you have a blinding "artillery barrage."

The F6F-5 is faster than its predecessor. A share of the extra speed comes from a mirror smooth finish. Previously, war paint on the planes had a rough finish to cut down flashes from sun reflections. But battle experience showed that it was just as likely that the plane would be discovered from silhouette alone. So with sun flashes reduced to relative unimportance, a slick paint job was decided upon to add the extra knots.

**The Navy's flyers who had tangled with the Nips asked for a speedier, faster-climbing and more maneuverable plane. The F6F proved itself a highly satisfactory answer to their request**

Other changes included removal of two metal braces in the windshield for increased visibility, better fairing of the engine cowling, new ailerons giving better maneuverability at high speeds, strengthening of the tail and stabilizing structures to permit higher diving speeds and sharper pull-outs, and a larger sheet of armor plate protecting the pilot's back.

Though it is powerful enough to have destroyed more Jap planes than any other single type of naval aircraft, the F6F handles easily on the ground or a carrier deck and is "a sweet flying ship in air," to quote one pilot.

It is not as maneuverable as the Zeke and can't make as tight a turn. But the average pilot doesn't expect it of such a heavy, rugged fighter plane. Instead he appreciates the many other more valuable characteristics the F6F possesses which, when employing the proper tactics, will enable it to beat the Jap.

A five-to-one ratio is usual. Recently, however, it rose spectacularly for one engagement to 38 to 0. Enroute to the squadron's assigned target—enemy airfields at Manila—a Nick was destroyed. Once over the target, strafing attacks were made on parked planes. Pulling out of their runs, the fighters ran into a curtain of flak from the airfield as well as from the numerous ships anchored in Manila Bay. All came through it safely, gained altitude and re-formed into a group. Then a large formation of from 30 to 40 Zekes, Hamps, Tonys and Oscars were spotted. The Hellcats tore into them. Seventeen Tonys, nine Zekes, three Hamps and one Oscar were shot down, with an undetermined number damaged in the air.

Following this air battle, the squadron hadn't completed its rendezvous when the formation was attacked by a group of 16 to 20 Tonys. Result, seven more Tonys shot down. Total score for the mission: Japs, 38 shot down—Navy, 0.

When it comes to range, the F6F proved its endurance during the First Battle of the Philippines. Though air groups were sent out to the utmost limit of their radius of action, the Hellcats provided protective covering all the way out and back and not a single fighter was lost for lack of range.

Ruggedness, however, is probably its most endearing quality. It's got guts. It will take a murderous pounding from enemy guns, keep on throwing lead until the sky's cleared of Japs, and then take the pilot safely home to his carrier.

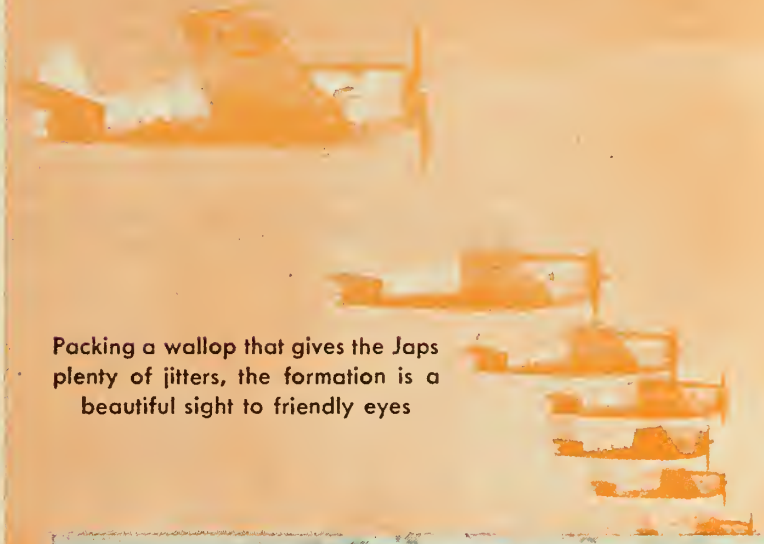
It was undoubtedly ruggedness, not superstition, that made fighter No. 13 on one carrier "Lucky No. 13." Unlike many hotels, office buildings and steamship lines, the Navy recognizes number 13. (Air Group 13 returned from the Pacific with the impressive record of 87½ Japanese planes shot down, 148,500 tons of enemy warships sunk or damaged, and 275,000 tons of merchant shipping knocked out.)

It doesn't expect its pilots to be superstitious either, so it has planes numbered 13. Ensign E. G. "Eddie" Wendorf received one. What happened is told in the report: "In the attack on Kwajalein, Wendorf's plane drew a direct hit in the fuselage from a three-inch, anti-aircraft shell which knocked out his radio and hook motor. Despite the damage, Wendorf not only flew back to the ship for a crash landing, but also knocked down two Zeros that got in the way on his return trip."

Highly stressed throughout a Navy pilot's entire career is

(*Continued on page 34*)

"Lucky 13" knocked down two Zeros after being badly damaged, and came home to this successful crash-landing



Packing a wallop that gives the Japs plenty of jitters, the formation is a beautiful sight to friendly eyes

Next! The chocks come out for the take-off as another plane prepares to land on the carrier

# Yours for Better Living

By HOWARD W. BLAKESLEE
Science Editor,
The Associated Press

THE goal of 55,000,000 to 60,000,000 post-war jobs of which industry is talking, depends for success on new things for the public.

Already there are thousands of these articles. Many still are in the industrial laboratories. Far more are in the many-billion-dollar production of war goods.

But only those which most of us can afford are going to count. For example, it is possible, with devices now made, to reach from under the covers on a cold winter morning and push a button that will—

Close the window, turn on an infra-red heater in the light fixture, and start breakfast at the bedside on an electronic stove which seems to be only a snow-white napkin that will not burn or even soil as the dishes cook upon its surface.

Industry won't offer you the electronic window-closer, because it would cost a lot, compared with all the other ways of shutting a window.

You will have the infra-red heater. It is a new electric lamp, shaped like an auto headlight, giving almost no light, but floods of radiant heat for bedrooms, bath, drying hair and drying polished finger nails. In case you can't believe a lamp can give so much heat, you can place one face-up and very simply cook bacon and eggs on it.

The napkin stove—surprise—you can have it. But if so you will prefer a kitchen electronic stove, or at most an electronic dining table. For this new electronic cooking is a luxury.

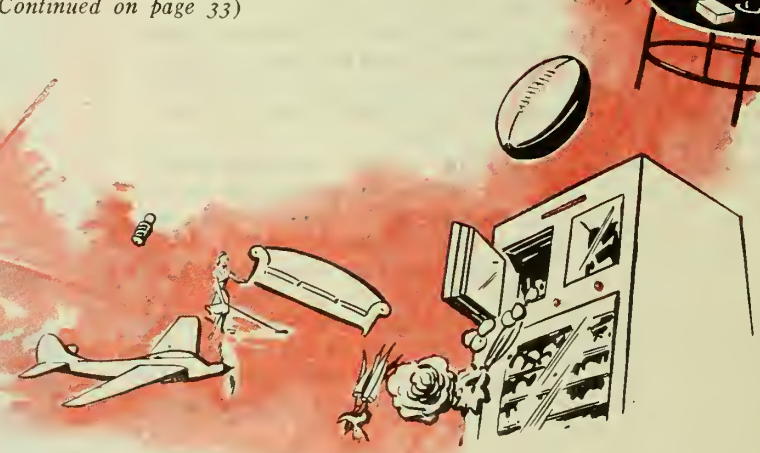
But the stove will arrive. For it cooks a ten-pound roast in five minutes. It makes bread without crust. It has many unexplored culinary possibilities, because the heat forms instantly, inside the food.

Industry has in prospect a great store of products as practical as the infra-red heater, which mean new sources of profits, more jobs and a rising living standard—at prices a consumer can afford to pay.

There is a marble-size electric light, one-tenth of a watt, burning one penny's worth of electricity in six months, now a military lamp. It will mark bedposts and other stumbling blocks and show stair steps and halls.

Clock faces may be illuminated by miniature fluorescent lamps, using less current than an electric clock. There will be more and better sun lamps and sterilizing lamps. Fluorescent tubes already are eight feet long and one inch thick. Then there is the lamp that won't go out quickly. Unscrew

(*Continued on page 33*)



The things American private enterprise will have ready for us once the wartime controls are no longer necessary

# *It's a* Kuppenheimer

*No question about it.* Kuppenheimer quality is quickly recognized by men who appreciate fine clothes. Of course, our fighting men come first. And their needs are greater than ever. But it will pay you to insist on a Kuppenheimer, even if you must wait—for the clothes we are making today are the finest we have produced in our 68 years.

AN INVESTMENT IN GOOD APPEARANCE

# Anyone who knows can tell the REAL THING!

## — *That's why* CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE CALVERT

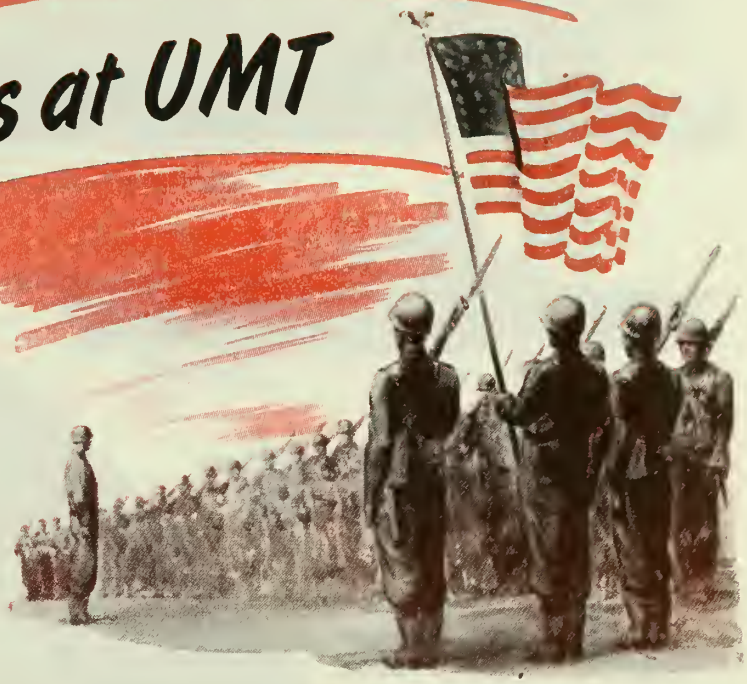
**It's quite apparent** to a true judge of fine whiskey that Calvert is "the real thing." You see, it has a pre-war quality and excellence that simply can't be imitated.

And that may explain why, year in and year out, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "It's the whiskey most often asked for by name."

We believe that once you taste this gloriously smooth and mellow blend, *you'll* keep on asking for Calvert. It's America's finest whiskey from the House of Blends!

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve": 65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

# An Educator Looks at UMT



*By Dr. Edward C. Elliott*

*President, Purdue University*

MORE than fifty years ago I came under a system of compulsory military training. Here is a reminder that for several decades we have had such a system for our men attending the nation's land-grant colleges. Since that long ago autumn day when I served as a more or less unwilling member of the cadet battalion at the University of Nebraska, then under the command of Lieutenant John J. Pershing of the Tenth United States Cavalry, I have been a supporter of military training as an essential part of American civic education.

Through the ensuing years, devoted exclusively to the business of education and to dealing with tens of thousands of young men, I have come to realize that some of the most useful and lasting of my own education was the result of that early experience. It is certain that the stern-voiced lieutenant when he said, "Young man, no one has a right to ask to be excused from this duty," did not realize the full force of his words. He taught me then and there an invaluable lesson of life. Thus, it must be admitted that the following observations are presented with a bias—a bias that has been reinforced by the events of our history, and one possessed, I am sure, by many others of different experiences.

When I say I am in favor of Universal Military Training I mean that I am for enactment of the necessary legislation *now*. However, this should be done only after clear-headed examination of the balance sheet of the carefully calculated profits and losses. The basic legislation will need to be flexible enough to permit effective adaptation to the results of experience and to the changing national and international circumstances. It is evident that universal military training will mean the impact of new and powerful influences upon American education. Above all, the American people should be fully informed as to the annual cost of this form of national insurance.

The pending proposal for a national system of Universal Military Training, if adopted, will have far-reaching effects upon the purposes, the accomplishments, and possibly the structure of American education. As far as possible these results should be forecast, for none of the great influences of change in the past has affected the youth and the schools of the nation so profoundly as will Universal Military Training.

During recent months a number of the great educational organizations of the country have given evidence of their awareness of what may lie ahead. Their findings give indications of apprehension of the likely outcome. Those representing education have a serious continuing obligation to examine, critically and constructively, not only the principle of national life involved in Universal Military Training, but also the specific procedures for the application of this principle. Likewise, the advocates from other walks of life should take account of the significance of Universal Military Training for the system of education designed to fit men for freedom.

Lately, not a small share of my scanty reserve of time has been spent in studying the very considerable volume of arguments, pro and con, dealing with this important national problem. As might be expected, many of these arguments have been warped by sentiment, by wishful thinking, and above all by prejudices that fail to recognize the grim realities of the world of today as a forerunner of the world of tomorrow. Careful readings have been made of the latest publications of The American Legion, in particular those entitled "Responsibility to Community, State and Nation—Universal Military Training," and "The Legion Called the Turn." Furthermore, the two Congressional measures (S. 188, Gurney; H. R. 515, Wadsworth) have been studied again and again, and discussed with my associates in education in different parts of the country.

Here are some of my present conclusions:

*Any world P (Peace) Day now appears far in the future. Our capacity to survive is to be measured by our continued readiness for W (War) Day.*

At the moment I have the conviction that, as a nation, we must face the tragic and realistic fact that conditions approximating an enduring peace in the world are beyond early attainment—human natures, peoples, their governments and moralities being what they are, and are likely to be for many years to come. Meanwhile we have the task of dreaming and energetically doing for peace. Meanwhile, too, we have the solemn and continuing obligation of being fully prepared for W (War) Day. Such preparation requires a comprehensive and closely knit program of national security.

This program naturally includes industry, communication, transportation, food, national health, finance, etc. Universal military training must be regarded as a part of a program of national security.

(*Continued on page 46*)

NAVAL PILOT
AIR
BATTLESHIP *Iowa Class*
AIRCRAFT CARRIER *Essex Class*
AUXILIARY CARRIER
HEAVY DESTROYER
DESTROYER ESCORT
AVIATION METALSMITH
AEROGRAPHER'S MATE
PARACHUTE RIGGER
AVIATION RADIOMAN
RADIO TECH
GUN POINTER
FIRST CLASS

# U. S. FLEET TASK FORCE

★ A modern Fast Carrier Task Force of the U. S. Fleet is a concentrate of hundreds of thousands of tons of bristling, angry steel—aimed at the heart of the Japanese. The core of this force is the aircraft carriers: mammoth new vessels of the *Essex* class (CV) and their light, trim, speedy half-sisters of the *Independence* class (CVL), built on light cruiser hulls.

Supporting the carriers are the new fast battleships which have joined the fleet since Pearl Harbor—the 45,000-ton behemoths of the *Iowa* class and their slightly smaller counterparts such as the *Massachusetts* and *Washington*. Also travelling with the force are the heavy and light cruisers (CA and CL). Destroyers (DD) of a faster, larger and more heavily gunned type than anything known before the war furnish a "screen" for this array of naval power.

A second but equally important type of task force is that built around the escort carriers (CVE) or "baby flattops" as they are affectionately known in the Navy. These gallant little ships are built on merchant ship hulls and now exist in tremendous quantity. Their missions have been numerous and varied—stalking the U-boat, furnishing direct bombardment support for amphibious landing assaults, carrying replacement planes and pilots to the large carriers. They are normally escorted by the new destroyer escorts (DE), a small version of the destroyer which has come into prominence since the start of the war. *(Continued on page 37)*

# GOVERNMENT JOBS FOR DISCHARGEES

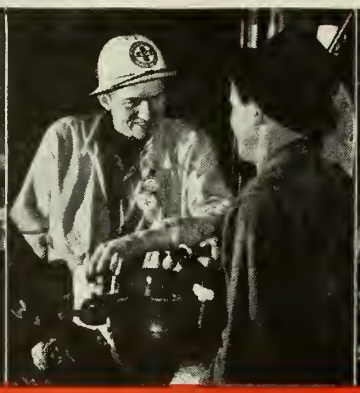
by Tyrrell Krum

George D. Huss, Welder, 3½ yrs. Sergt. in special U. S. tank unit attached to British in Africa. Purple Heart. Base pay range, $1.14 to $1.26 per hr.

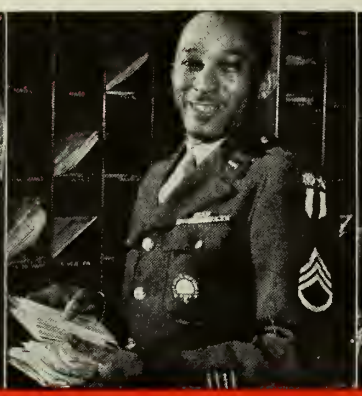
James A. Drumm, Ship Fitter. Two yrs. in Navy on U. S. S. "North Carolina," 5 battle stars. In Admiral Plunkett Post of Legion. Base pay range, $1.14 to $1.26 per hr.

A goodly percentage of those in uniform hope for civil service jobs after discharge, surveys show. Mr. Krum's article outlines the advantages and limitations of veterans' preference in federal employment

Charles Bogil, Electrician. 3 yrs. combat Engrs., prisoner of Germans, escaped. Base pay range, $1.14-$1.26 hr.



Cyril Knight, Safety Warden. 2 yrs. Navy. Purple Heart, Silver Star. Talking to Siegfried Bleier, Machinist



Anthony Harold, P. O. sub. Purple Heart, four battle stars. Legionnaire. Base pay, 65¢ per hr.

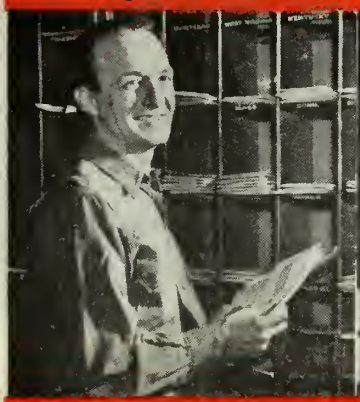
David Harris, Customs Inspector. WW1 vet, Legionnaire. Base pay range, $2300 to $2900

Bernard Goodman, Starekeeper. Twelve months in Signal Corps. Base pay range, $1440 to $2600

Michael Lambert, Searchlight Technician. 2½ yrs. in Infantry, Africa. Base pay range, $1.14-$1.26 hr.

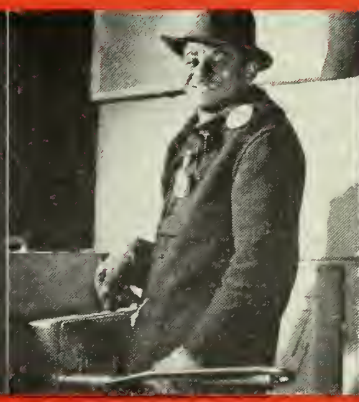
David M. Fellner, U. S. Meat Inspector. Served in Medical Corps. Base pay range, $1620 to $3200

Joseph Liberty, Customs Laborer. WW1 vet. Son is tank officer averseas. Base pay range, $1500 to $1700

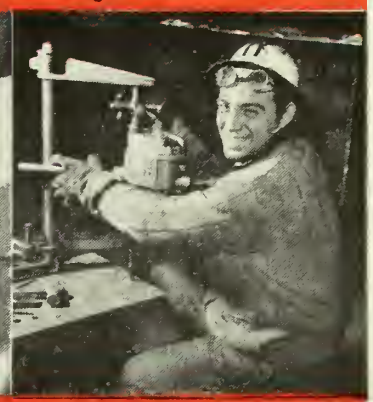


Jaseph Mashiaff, sub clerk in P. O. Served 2 yrs. Infantry in Pacific. Legiannaire. Base pay, 65¢ per hr.

Jack Antonini, Chipper and Caulker. One year in Infantry. Base pay range, $1.14 ta $1.26 per hr.



Emilio Lapez, Operatar Electric Truck. 7 months in Medical Corps. Base pay, 89¢ per hr.



Thomas Ferro, Driller. Had eight manths in Navy. Base pay range, $1.14 to $1.26 per hr.

Louis J. Acomport, Motion Picture Operator. 34 mas. Navy. Survivor two sinkings, Purple Heart, Legionnaire. Base pay, $1.14-$1.26 hr.

Almost as many men and women are holding down jobs in Uncle Sam's Government as serve in uniform throughout the entire far-flung naval structure of the United States—Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard.

Latest official government figures disclose that 3,309,637 civilians are on the hundreds of various payrolls in the executive branch of the Government alone. Of these some 255,180 are in Washington bureaus and agencies while approximately 450,000 are serving at various posts outside the continental limits. The remaining 2,604,457 are in the field offices, arsenals, navy yards, air depots, post offices and other establishments scattered throughout the 48 States.

All this vast army of civilian personnel in the executive branch of the Government—that part directly under control of the President as distinct from the legislative and judiciary branches—engages primarily in the various day-by-day activities with which the public has contact. Some of these are the mail service, rationing, tax collection, civilian administration of the armed services and all other government operations outside Congress and federal courts, which themselves (*Continued on page 37*)

# One Night in Cairo

## By Karl Detzer

THE flying boat from Basra was an hour late as it circled over the landing stage on the Nile. Lieutenant Jim White, assistant American provost marshal, Persian Gulf Command, looked at his watch impatiently. Seven o'clock, and he must be back in Basra in two days!

He spent twenty minutes in customs, ten more finding a taxicab, and then all Cairo swarmed the streets, blocking traffic so that when he reached the *Hotel Nationale* on *Sharia Salaman Pasha*, the eight o'clock dinner gong was sounding.

Mohamet, the chief dragoman, picked up his long soiled skirt and ran down the steps. "Most welcome! The *Nationale* is honored that you return!" He coughed and stooped for the flight bag. The cough was a signal, Jim knew. "I have the news, sir, Lieutenant," Mohamet whispered.

Jim followed him to the desk. A young Turk pushed a rusty pen forward. He was a plump, over-barbered man with too many rings, a newcomer since Jim served as a Cairo APM. Old Mohamet was the fixture. When Jim lived here, Mohamet had tipped him off regularly to interesting persons and events. And if this current trip weren't to be a wild-goose chase, Mohamet must deliver again . . . and fast. Carefully, so the Turk wouldn't wonder at such generosity, White slipped a ten-piaster note into the dragoman's palm.

The bag was so heavy it might have been filled with gold

"Room 32," the Turk was saying, "it is reserved, sir, as soon as your radiogram arrives. A front room, most elegant. You remain long?"

"A day or two."

"The official journey?"

Jim put away his identification card without answering and glanced quickly around the lounge. Certainly no one here now could be mixed up in any thievery . . . particularly the theft of American rifles. Three dark women played dominoes, two overage British majors sat over high-balls. "Come, come, step along," he told Mohamet.

The hotel's elevator was hidden in a niche beside the curio shop of a Palestinian Jew and Mohamet had paused, gazing at an ancient Arabian pistol in the open case. "Most beautiful!" he whispered. "Ah, most cheap! If you buy for me. . . ."

"Are you crazy?" Jim retorted. He stepped into the elevator. "Hello," he said to the boy. "Lift working?"

" 'Allo, Joe." The boy called all Americans Joe, even two-star generals, and grinned at them all, too. It used to be worth a piaster a week from this so-rich officer . . . apparently it still was. Jim tossed him the coin. It paid, at a nickel a throw, to have friends when you had to know things.

Mohamet opened Room 32 with a flourish and, inside, carefully closed the door. He was sweating, but neither from heat nor exertion.

"You receive message?"

Jim nodded. Just twenty hours before it had reached his office at Abadan on the Persian Gulf, in the dirty pocket of a Gwadar rug peddler. The scrawl said simply that Mohamet had news of the stolen rifles. "If you come quick. . . ."

No real evidence, Jim must admit. Just Mohamet's word. He was a greedy son-of-a-gun. But so far a hundred percent right. And the rifles made a blot on Jim's record. He was transferred with the case unsolved.

The theft occurred back in '43. One thousand Garand rifles, still wrapped in brown tar-base paper, with a hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, disappeared from the Camp Huckstep ordnance warehouse, near Kilo 13, on the Heliopolis road. Jim's superiors were annoyed, naturally. It was enough to lose canned milk and cotton cloth daily, but rifles . . . the British were more than annoyed. In the restless Middle East, a thousand rifles weren't just another burglary. Such a theft spelled more than crime. Too many people liked to settle affairs of state with firearms and finality.

Jim peeled out of his dirty uniform. "What cooks?"

Mohamet mopped his face and took time

to explain: he loved the lieutenant as a brother.

"Yeh," Jim agreed, and emptied his pockets of over-sized coins for Mohamet to see.

"A bad man now live here," Mohamet whispered. "Charlie, sir. Charlie Sam."

"Chinese?"

"Oh, no, sir. The Greek say Syrian. The Syrian, they say Palestinian. The Palestinian say robber Turk. Me, I think American."

Jim said, "Well?"

"Three week ago I carry for him the bag. Most heavy, m'sieur, so heavy I think it gold. But no, bullets it is. He take it in tex-cab on *Avenue des Pyramides*."

"How do you know?"

"I follow, in my brother's tex-cab. Hiding place, it is on road behind *Cafe Auberge*." He rubbed his long nose. "What pay you for this honesty, sir?"

"Enough."

Mohamet sighed, but went on. Near the Pyramids, in an outbuilding, he discovered rifles, ammunition. So he sent the rug peddler to Jim.

"This Charlie Sam, he now sit in dining-room. By orchestra. Fat as a camel in flood time he is. From porch you may observe."

Jim warned, "If you lie, I'll cut your ears off. A fat man, house near *Auberge*. Which direction from it?"

"You go yourself? No, they kill you! Tell the *bambishi* of police. . . ."

Jim grunted. The Cairo chief was all

Illustrated by F. R. GRUGER

Mohamet stood in the door, his pistol covering the big fellow. Might be a chance, thought Jim

right, but this needed special handling. "No time," he said. "I'll catch the fat boy myself, tonight. Tomorrow, if this is true . . ." he waved a one-hundred piaster note in the air and returned it to his pocket.

He waited briefly; then, in clean clothes, followed Mohamet downstairs. In the dining-room a violinist sawed away at something. Jim stepped to the porch. Purple shadows filled *Sharia Salaman Pasha.* He backed behind a palm and peered into the dining-room. A blind man couldn't miss the fellow by the orchestra.

In a wrinkled white suit, elbows on table, he sat staring expressionlessly ahead, middle-aged, bald, with a ruff of dark hair above his ears and pockets under his small eyes. "Not American," Jim decided.

Suddenly the fellow stood up. His short legs made him look even fatter as he waddled to the door. Jim ducked, looking vainly for Mohamet.

Only a younger doorman sat on the step. By the curb waited a row of gherrie cabs. The fat man approached on squeaking shoes.

"Tex, tex, tex!" the boy called and raced to the corner.

But the fat fellow, not waiting, waved to a gherrie, a new one-horse vehicle with open top. Its springs sagged as he got in.

"Follow," Jim, pointing, bade another driver. "Not too close."

Traffic was heavy; he was inconspicuous. But if this scalawag actually had the guns, he'd watch for trailers. "Get ahead," Jim re-directed, "quick, to the *Cafe Auberge.*"

They passed the other gherrie on *Avenue des Pyramides.* The *Auberge* was as Jim remembered, discreet, dimly lighted. The driver creaked away and Jim retreated into shrubbery. Across the road, the Pyramids loomed, black triangles against a starry sky. In the *Auberge* garden violins played; Jim could hear voices at tables and on the desert a camel's wooden bell.

After ten minutes, he heard hooves on the Cairo road. An open carriage appeared . . . the one, all right. He recognized its sagging springs and the horse's gait. The passenger smoked a cigar, its spark glowing on and off.

Beyond the restaurant, the horse turned right, slowing, as if reluctant to enter the darker side road. Jim followed into the shelter of a hedge. The cabby was arguing the fare. Finally wheels creaked again, then a door opened and light framed a bulky silhouette.

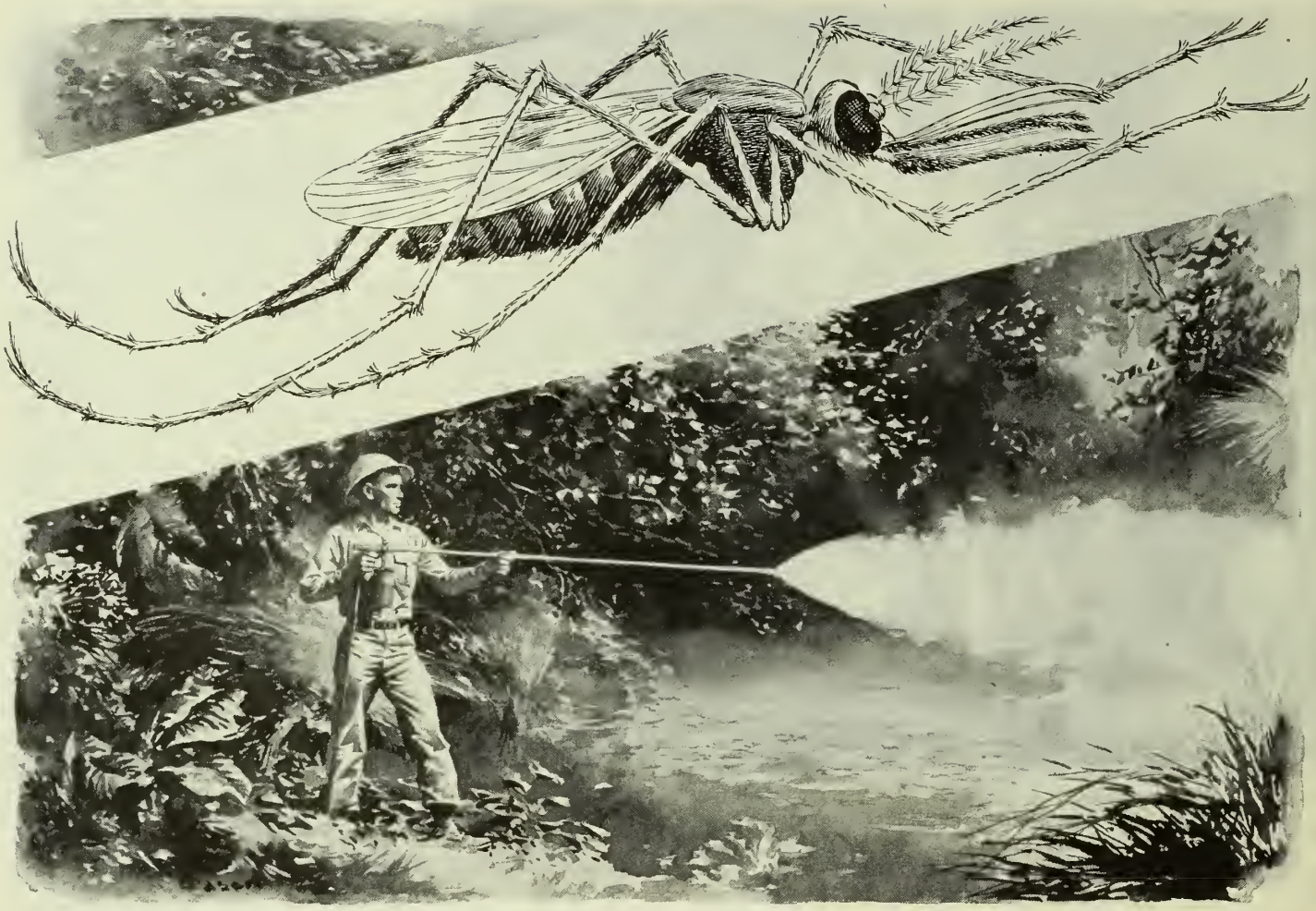
Jim crept forward. He had the advantage of surprise. To get help would be safer but costly in time. He hesitated. Was that a bare foot scraping earth? He half-turned. A figure moved swiftly.

He felt a blow on his neck and his knees buckled. Someone rolled him over roughly. He tried to fight. A man yelled in Arabic, bare feet came running, then shoes squeaked. He tried again to rise and got a harder blow. He felt himself floating. . . .

Rousing, he smelled burning camel dung. He opened his eyes, to see a dirt floor and a gasoline lantern pouring blue-white light. Along the walls, like coffins stacked, were oblong cases . . . rifles, the whole thousand

(*Continued on page 42*)

He told a most convincing story of his activities



Sanitary squads who went ashore with the invading troops sprayed penite over everything

Drawing by PERCY LEASON

# But the Bugs Were Worse

## By Frederick C. Painton

**We Had to Wipe Out the Insects Before We Could Exterminate the Japs in the Central and South Pacific, Mr. Painton Shows**

THIS begins on Guadalcanal in a desperate battle we could have lost. Not to the Japs, but to insects and disease bugs. We were holding the Japs away from Henderson Field; we stood strafing from planes and huge shells from battlewagons. What might have defeated us was night- and day-flying mosquitoes; and filth flies bred in rotting Jap bodies and living to walk on the fighting Marines' food.

Disease and epidemics have always been handmaids of war. Even in temperate climates, typhus and plague, malaria and smallpox have decimated huge armies, and history is full of records where disease has nearly destroyed victor and vanquished alike. This has been even more true of the tropics with its savage heat and dangerous fevers. Our own records of fighting in the Philippines at the turn of the century can give you some grim, startling figures on the casualties from tropic disease.

We knew a good deal about the perils of tropic disease when we began fighting in the humid, oppressive island jungles of New Guinea and the Solomons. But not enough. The insects fought back and our hospitals loaded up.

A Marine keels over, burning up with fever. Malaria. He is out of battle as surely as if struck by a Jap bullet. Another Marine reports on sick call, feeling badly and also running a high temperature. Dengue fever. And this lays a man flat for days and sometimes weeks, and his rifle is missing from the fight. Still another Marine suddenly seizes his stomach and doubles up in agony. Dysentery. He'll lose weight as if it were carved off by a knife and be helpless for days in the hospital.

Occasionally you find a fighting man with glandular swellings, and he's diagnosed as having filariasis, another mosquito-borne disease that can make your legs swell to the size of telephone poles. Over on New Britain and New Guinea, soldiers and Marines both had to fight in the tall kunai grass, and came down with scrub or bush typhus which is one of the most serious tropical diseases of all.

In a Pacific camp I visited recently, you can see a poster which says bluntly, "On Guadalcanal disease laid out ten men for every one wounded by the Japs." This is a fair estimate of what happened. In the death and rot of battle, there was always the threat of epidemics.

We took all the precautions we could; we screened our kitchens, disinfected our latrines, burned our refuse. The men drank when possible from Lister bags and purified their canteen water to prevent their drinking from casual water with its deadly amoeba of amoebic dysentery. But jungle fighting men run out of water and drink anywhere in desperate, choking, burning thirst. They can't go behind screens to eat

(*Continued on page 30*)

Those coveralls of a Fifth Army patrol on the Italian front prove their concealment worth against a background of snow

# They Made It

**The Yank group whipped the krauts in a toe-to-toe slugging match, and its German-born corporal put the frosting on the cake by bringing back a prisoner**

**BY FRANK MILES**

**American Legion War Correspondent**

*On the 5th Army Front*

SNOW was at extremely hazardous depths for humans in most places as it was bitterly cold in the Apennines Mountains of North Italy when Lt. Gen. Lucian K. Truscott's Yanks and Marshal Elbert Kesselring's German forces faced each other here last January.

Heavy fogs prevented concerted artillery exchanges and widespread attacks, but rival patrols were almost constantly active after dark.

A husky second lieutenant who had just had a battlefield promotion from technical sergeant was with his platoon in a shell-shattered Italian house that clung to a wooded slope. Outside, the snow was more than two feet deep on the level, and much deeper in the countless drifts piled up in the area. A biting wind was blowing, and the men sprawled in their sleeping sacks near the smoking fireplace were thankful it wasn't their turn just yet to go up to the lookout post.

The telephone rang, and the lieutenant answered it. After a short conversation he turned to his men and quietly gave an order.

Patrol duty!

That spells rugged work on any front, but in Northern Italy in winter the terrain and the bitter weather, with the tricks the enemy can think up to throw you off balance, are something super. You've got to be quick or you'll be dead. So—

Deliberately, it appeared, but with really incredible speed the eleven men got ready. Wearing woolen underwear, woolen shirts and pants, woolen sweaters, combat jackets of blanket material with canvas covering, "bib" overalls of the same stuff as the jackets, helmets, white parkas and ice cleats attached to their shoes.

Two had carbines and among the other nine were three M-1s and as many Browning automatic rifles and Tommies. The lieutenant had a carbine and a .45, and each of the twelve had a knife.

The group moved out at midnight.

"My birthday party," said the lieutenant to a corporal in an ever-warming friendship which had started when they were aboard ship coming overseas.

"We'll celebrate at the Jerries' expense," was the corporal's answer.

He was from California, the officer from Tennessee. Eight other States, the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths and two foreign birthplaces, one of which was Germany, were represented in that American line which spread out single file, with the lieutenant in the lead.

Every man knew from his crisp, clear orders the assignment was for reconnaissance, to harass the enemy if opportunity arose, take one or more prisoners if possible or do all three things.

They walked silently, carefully—on the alert for foes, ground mines and snow-filled holes.

Soon at a low word from the lieutenant, they split into two sections about thirty yards apart. One line of six would advance a short distance, halt, allow the other to come up even, advance and halt. They alternated at this procedure until they approached a large dwelling near which were a barn and a shed.

Listening intently, they heard German voices. How many Jerries were in the structure they had no idea, but they were going to damn soon learn.

Thinking the shed was vacant, they moved cautiously to a side of it from where they could see the front doors of both

(*Continued on page 29*)

Note to a soldier abroad: He got that trout, and has a date with you here next spring

# Still We Go Fishing

**BY DON STILLMAN**

**You may have difficulty reaching your favorite brook, pond, lake or river, but once there you'll be more than glad you made the try**

IT WAS during the OPA ban on pleasure driving in the eastern States. My job had taken me to the New York City Watershed and, in company with a city patrolman, I was making the rounds of Byram Lake, a 170-acre jewel, nestling among the wooded hills northeast of Armonk.

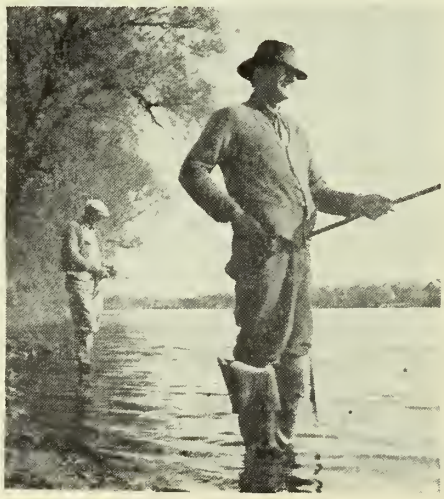
There was little activity at the lake, although Byram is a noted rainbow-trout and black-bass water. But Byram is rather remote from railroads and bus routes; the local police were enforcing the OPA edict; and the few anglers we encountered all were local sportsmen who lived within walking distance of the lake.

Except Johnny.

We met Johnny on a rocky point at the head of the lake. He was still-fishing in deep water, hoping to pick up a big rainbow trout. His bicycle was parked at the edge of the road.

We asked Johnny: "What luck?"

"Not a touch," he replied. "Last year I took a half-dozen fine rainbows out of this lake, but this is the only chance I'll have to fish this season, and I sure hope I get one.



Further conversation disclosed that Johnny was out of the Army on a medical discharge and had been working hard to build himself up physically. Apparently he had succeeded. "I take my new physical next week," he said proudly.

In answer to a question, Johnny told us he lived in the southern part of the county and had pedaled all the way from his home to the lake.

"But that's a round trip of about twenty-five miles, isn't it?" I asked him.

"I guess it is," he replied.

"And some of the hills are steep," I continued.

"When they're too steep I get off and push," said Johnny.

We wished Johnny good luck at both his fishing and his physical examination, and

(*Continued on page 47*)

## THEY MADE IT

(*Continued from page 27*)

of the other buildings, then formed a half circle around them.

The lieutenant whispered to a soldier who was a native of Germany.

"Achtung! Achtung!" the man called loudly, and then in German told the Jerries they'd better come out with their hands up—that they were surrounded by 200 Americans.

At that moment a dozen Jerries charged out of the shed with guns poised.

The corporal jerked his BAR to his shoulder, squeezed the trigger futilely—then hurled the weapon at the nearest enemy, knocking him down. The Yank reached for his knife. It was gone—lost. He struck another Jerry with his fist, and closed with he does not now know how many in rough and tumble combat.

Meanwhile about twenty more Jerries emerged from exits in the house and barn, including side and back windows of the house—not to surrender but to fight.

There, with just enough light to distinguish between comrades and enemies, the Yanks fought grimly, savagely—firing their guns, slashing with their knives, swinging their fists, kicking with their cleated shoes and butting with their steel-covered heads.

The Germans fought hard too—and in kind.

Men prone in death or unconsciousness, others groaning and thrashing convulsively in the agony of wounds lay in reddened snow, being stepped on and stumbled over.

With superior numbers the Jerries gradually began to gain advantage until Americans on their feet scurried to get behind anything which might serve as a shelter from which they might shoot—all except the corporal.

He somehow managed to get on the opposite side of the house from where the Jerries were—with a disarmed German gripped firmly by the collar.

Gradually the fight subsided because most of the Jerries were slain, disabled to helplessness or had fled.

The five Americans able to go stumbled away—two pairs of them each supporting a wounded buddy. Four of the Yanks had been killed.

The platoon post was reached by the seven eventually.

The lieutenant was among the survivors of the battle. He had a beautiful black eye. But he was not seriously hurt.

"Corporal's missing, I guess," he said, describing his group's experiences. He was interrupted by a crash at the door.

The corporal, clutching his captive, staggered in, released his hold and toppled over on a cot in speechless exhaustion. But he forced a grin—ghastly in the candle light—from his bloody face.

The lieutenant grinned, too—rang the telephone, put the receiver to a swollen left ear, huskily gave a code number and to battalion headquarters said:

"Fairly good results, though we lost four men—we knew where there was a strong Jerry outpost, we harassed 'em and we've got a prisoner—I'll be back with a complete report by dawn."

The patrol had made good.

## HOSPITAL STUFF

(*Continued from page 13*)

Geilenkirchen. The tireless surgeons there had administered plasma and done everything possible for me before sending me on to the field hospital just over the border in Holland.

Major Dave Monahan had cut my clothes off, and I'd regained consciousness just long enough to gasp out a word or two. You never could have guessed from the Major that, right then, my chances weren't worth a plugged nickel. He'd grinned and said something, I forget what, but at the time it had made me feel that from now on I would be O.K. I had gone to sleep with confidence, and Dave had gone to work with sure and skillful fingers.

They don't know themselves quite how it happened, but one day I stayed conscious for quite a while and they knew they had me in the bag. I wish I had the space to tell you the whole story, because it would give you a bang to know how really hot our medics are. But I can only indicate some of the gratitude I felt for them. I'll never forget Kathy Flynn, or the Swedish nurse from Brooklyn, or that goodlooking, black-haired night nurse who knew just when to slip me the needle.

And Dave, what a tireless worker he was! I'd prop up on one elbow and watch him sweat out those men on the canvas cots next to mine. We were all shot in the guts or in the chest, and we were all fairly critical cases. So Dave and the other surgeons would hover around day and night, working hour after hour on one man after another. I've seen him dive forward time after time to tap a lung with the needle in a frantic effort to stave off death, and quite often with success.

I've seen him lose a man after hours of ceaseless vigil, and seen the bleak look of heartsick weariness on his face as he pulled the blanket up over the still face. Those men and nurses never quit. Day after day, night after night—and always in their ears the whisper of shells overhead.

Considering the magnitude of the job and the difficulties of supply, we simply couldn't have a better hospital system. I'd learned the doctors were miracle workers. And I'd learned a thing or three about the men who are delivered to these doctors. Broken and torn by shell or bullet, the men who pass through these hospital beds in an endless stream are almost without exception supreme examples of fortitude and courage. There had been times in the field when I'd wondered a little about the American soldier. I had sometimes wished that he'd grouse less, or get on his horse with more speed and spirit, but right now I was glad to admit that when he's hit the American soldier is about the bravest man you ever saw. Looking down the length of Ward 43, in all 54 beds I could not see one coward. Some were smart and some were fatheads. Some were young and nervous, some were old and tough. But every man of them was brave.

"One good thing about this place—it has nice, smooth roads!"

I paused in my scribbling to watch Captain Kinnerman, who was conducting his morning rounds while Dolly pushed the meat wagon from bed to bed. Kinnerman was dressing the raw stump of Johnson's leg, off above the knee. The sweat stood out on Johnson's face and he cried out once. But Kinnerman was deft and sure. By the time the fresh bandage was on, Johnson and the captain were kidding each other about something. I think it was Baltimore, where they both lived.

And so the round went on. Roberts with the colostomy. Rotten kind of wound. Then the boy we called Georgia, with one arm and leg off—and Kinnerman was trying his damnedest to save the other leg but it didn't look so good. Georgia was giving Kinnerman his old routine about how he could drink more beer with one arm than the captain could with two, and would prove it if the captain would only wangle the beer.

When the Doc got to Olsen he decided to dress Olsen's leg. That meant the smell. We all yelled and ducked under the covers, but Olsen was blandly unconcerned. He reached under the pillow and calmly put on his gas mask!

Those howling, clowning cripples! They were really wonderful.

# BUT THE BUGS WERE WORSE

(*Continued from page 26*)

when facing a fanatic enemy, so you couldn't keep flies off their food as they ate. Nor could you kill all the myriad flies that bred in rotting foods and dead bodies. Dysentery struck them down, those men, and it had to be stopped. But how?

Then at Tarawa the problem became acute. Hundreds of the total of 4000 dead Japs were hidden in a tangle of jungle destruction. Flies bred by millions. Dysentery figures went up.

A Marine medical officer knew about DDT powder, miracle destroyer of lice and insects. But there wasn't enough of this to disinfect the battlefield. He thought of a compound called "penite," which is sodium arsenite. He sought out C. E. Pemberton, chief entomologist of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, a man with 20 years' experience with tropical insects.

"Will penite kill mosquito and fly larvae?" asked the Marine medical officer.

Pemberton said yes, and adult flies and mosquitoes as well so long as the compound remained moist. Its deadly effect would not last as long as DDT but it would do the job. The arsenic would become quickly fixed in the ground and, anyway, a watch could be kept on water sources to check daily for the appearance of arsenic.

And so when our men stormed ashore on Peleliu last September, with them went sanitary squads carrying knapsack sprayers filled with penite. Jap snipers and artillery took toll of them. But they did their job. They started spraying at the water's edge, working inland over Jap military installations, latrines, food dumps and native huts. Power sprayers came ashore right after them to spray swamps, villages, bivouac areas. In some places specially equipped planes sprayed DDT in solution.

"The results were startling," a medical officer told me. "For the first time perhaps in tropical military history, casualties from mosquitoes and flies were negligible."

For example, dengue fever was endemic on Angaur and many of the native population had it in mild form. But at the end of 30 days not one case was reported among the American forces. In one Army Division there were only seven cases of malaria, and these probably had it before the attack. In the heat of battle some Marines forgot to take atabrine and 72 recurrences of malaria developed, but only four had to be evacuated.

On Saipan our forces encountered dense black clouds of flies—the result of a Japanese law making it a crime to kill a fly.* The sweep of a man's hand could capture a hundred. They crawled in nostrils and eyes, were thick in kitchens and latrines.

To combat the plague, tons of DDT powder in solution were loaded on C-47 transport planes. The pilots took their lives in their hands to follow land contours barely at treetop level, literally covering the island with the insect killer. Today on Saipan there are not as many flies or mosquitoes as you'd find in a comparable size section of American soil. Dengue fever, once endemic on the island, has been wiped out. There is no malaria and there is no dysentery.

We met our worst enemy on New Guinea, New Britain and adjacent islands. It is a tiny larval mite whose bite causes the dangerous "bush" typhus. Vast fields of kunai grass, often growing to a height of 20 feet, provide perfect cover for rats, which are apparently host to this deadly mite. The first case of the disease was reported in December, 1943, and in a few weeks 230 men were down. Twenty-two of these died, and many who recovered had permanent heart impairment and were no longer useful for military service. Only careful nursing kept the mortality low. In Burma, where Merrill's Marauders encountered the disease deep in the jungle without proper medical care, the death rate was much higher. The disease was sardonically called the "Japanese secret weapon."

A strict preventive-medicine regime was instituted. All grass and shrubbery were destroyed. All camp sites were burned over and sprayed, and the men were cautioned never to sit or lie on the ground. All wearing apparel—leggings, socks, fatigues—was dipped in DDT solution. To get rid of the rats, we used the pre-bait system. That is, traps were set with nonpoisonous bait and for six days the rats were made accustomed to eat there. On the seventh day the bait was poisoned—and rats died by thousands. In consequence of these measures, scrub typhus ceased to be a menace.

Another source of disease for our troops were the native villages. Lacking even rudimentary sanitary systems, these thatched huts were hotbeds of infection. The natives themselves suffered from dengue and malaria, yaws and skin diseases, tuberculosis and intestinal parasites. On one of the Marianas, most of the population suffered desperately from malnutrition and dysentery when first seen by our medical officers. In the 30 days following conquest of the island, more than 42,000 surgical and medical treatments were administered to the 17,000 natives. Of 617 admitted to the civilian hospital, 508 died of malnutrition and dysentery.

The naval and military government cleaned up villages and latrines and sewage. Power sprayers covered all stagnant water. Native women gathered taro root to make *poi* and cut *kankong* greens to add to the C and K rations that were distributed. By December, 1944, only 90 days later, medical and surgical treatments had fallen to 9400, and there were only 50 deaths. As the backlog of malnutrition and chronic disease is cleaned up, the number of treatments is expected to fall to a few hundred.

In the Marshalls, 90 percent of the population suffered from yaws, a disease that causes ugly sores and painful swelling of the joints, and which reduced working efficiency of the natives to nil. Intravenous injection of arsphenamine compounds has arrested yaws in these islands. In the month of January this year, only one native was treated, and he had only a single open lesion.

Now sanitary routines are taught to the natives by military governments. Women have been trained as nurses and nurse's

* To protect their sugar-cane crop from a borer insect, the Japs had imported a fly which was the natural enemy of the borer. It was to give these flies a start that the Japs imposed a penalty for killing any fly.

# Not an A Card in Ye Group

Wherever they went, they walked . . . on guard at every step. Hardships taught our forefathers the virtue of self-reliance and the need for co-operation. Thus, in the humble cradle of privation, the spirit of our Democracy was born.

Our enemies foolishly ignored the enduring influence of our Nation's heritage when they jeered that we were too soft to fight. Little did they dream that, almost overnight, free men could perfect the finest and best-equipped fighting forces the world has ever seen.

So, today when good citizens see an A card on a windshield, they recognize it as a symbol of what people can accomplish who have learned from experience to work together to attain a common objective.

That same spirit will win this war—and in peacetime that same unity of effort will keep America strong and prosperous for our men and women now on the fighting front.

* * *

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products • Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and textiles—to name a few.

*Most folks are more tired than usual when they finish each wartime day. A bottle of golden, foaming Budweiser is a welcome companion in a moment of relaxation—and it makes simple, wartime meals taste better.*

**Budweiser**

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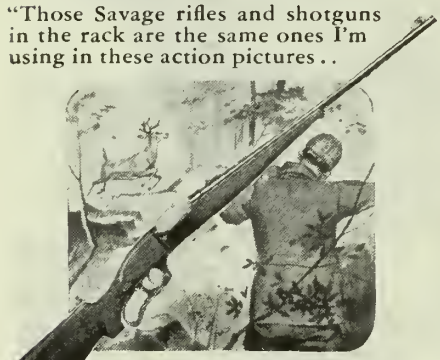
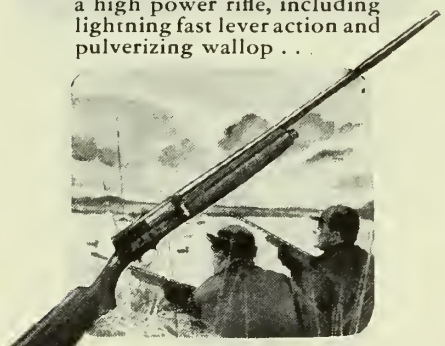
# "YOU CAN'T BEAT A SAVAGE, JIM"

"Those Savage rifles and shotguns in the rack are the same ones I'm using in these action pictures . .



"For big game hunting my choice is the Savage model 99. It has everything I want in a high power rifle, including lightning fast lever action and pulverizing wallop . . .



"For duck and skeet shooting I consider the Savage model 720 automatic shotgun tops in speed, balance and dependability.

"What about 22's? Sure, Savage made a complete line of 22's and medium power rifles. They're accurate and dependable . . . real 'man sized' rifles. No sir, Jim, you can't beat a Savage."

Savage has produced more than 2,000,000 military arms and will continue to meet requirements to the extent called upon.

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**SAVAGE**

**WORLD FAMOUS FOR DEPENDABILITY AND ACCURACY**

**Manufacturer of rifles and shotguns, lawn mowers and refrigeration equipment.**

"Hey, Joe! You forgot something!"

aides, and infant welfare measures have been instituted.

Our medical care has given the lie to Jap propaganda among the natives that we are murderers and devils. After our troops had secured the island of Peleliu, the natives were found hiding in caves where they had fled in terror. They were suffering from skin diseases, malnutrition, intestinal parasites, and were in a desperate state. Induced to come out and submit to medical treatment, they have been restored to health. Only three needed hospital care last December. The Chamorro chiefs convened and signed a scroll of thanks for the help they received, and now work hard for the Americans in gratitude. Peleliu is one of the islands we need as Pacific outposts after the war. The native population will be our friends.

All this does not mean that we do not have some cases of malaria, dengue and dysentery. We also have what the men call "crud," a skin outbreak like ringworm caused by excessive perspiration and too few chances to bathe. But tropical disease has ceased to be the menace it once was, and there have been no epidemics to incapacitate thousands. "It can safely be said," I was told by a naval medical officer, "that we have reduced noncombat casualties from the mosquito and fly to one 25th of what they were in 1942."

But constant vigilance must be maintained if only to protect people at home from diseases to which they have no environmental immunity. Every day dozens of big C-54 hospital planes take off from such places as Leyte and Saipan, carrying wounded to the United States. Inside one of those planes there could be a single bug or insect capable of transmitting a disease that might spread rapidly.

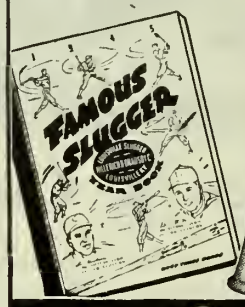
So sanitary squads disinfect planes at the departure point and at intermediate stops. Light traps are installed at all airfields to gather every specimen of tropical insect; planes arriving at Honolulu are searched carefully and every bug is placed in an en-

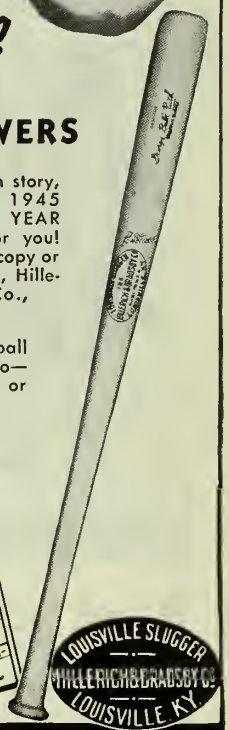
BABE RUTH, the most popular and colorful player of all time.

# The Babe KNEW THE ANSWERS

Read Babe Ruth's own story, "My Bats", in the 1945 FAMOUS SLUGGER YEAR BOOK now ready for you! Ask your dealer for a copy or send 5¢ to Dept. L 21, Hillerich and Bradsby Co., Louisville 2, Ky.

Our 1945 Official Softball Rule Book is ready too—Send 10¢ in stamps or coin for a copy!




**Louisville SLUGGER BATS FOR BASEBALL & SOFTBALL**

# Enjoy VITA-SERT VITAMIN Chocolate Bar!

**IT'S SUCH AN EASY WAY TO GET YOUR VITAMINS!**

Anne Jeffreys
REPUBLIC STAR

GOOD TO EAT and good for you! For that extra energy and the vitamins you need, enjoy VITA-SERT every day. It's a delicious chocolate bar—chock-full of vitamins—that makes a perfect midday dessert or between meal snack. Buy VITA-SERT at any food, drug or candy counter!

**ALL THESE VITAMINS IN EVERY BAR**

A . . 4000 I. U.
$B_1$ . . . . 1 Mg.
$B_2$ . . . . 2 Mg.
D . . . 400 I. U.

These quantities are 100% of minimum adult daily requirements as set by U. S. Gov't.

velope. These are taken to Pemberton at the Sugar Planters' Association laboratory where, against 200,000 already classified specimens, they are identified and their disease-bearing potentialities carefully weighed. Thus far, no new diseases have got past these outposts.

The know-how acquired by our medical experts in the Pacific will be at the world's use, and it has inestimable peacetime value. Our island garrisons will be protected against diseases that once caused these islands to be called "the white man's graveyard." When American tourists and commercial travelers descend from trans-Pacific planes on these emerald green atolls in the blue ocean they will be as safe from disease as in the United States. We shall have beaten the bugs too.

## BETTER LIVING

(*Continued from page 16*)

this bulb, put it in your pocket, take it out five minutes later and the bulb is still bright.

Carpets, rugs and walls, made with fluorescent materials, will glow in dim outlines, probably all night, at no extra cost, giving their light from the energy they absorbed from common daylight.

Radio, now an annual four-and-a-half-billion dollar war business, is planning two big things. First, national spread of Frequency Modulation, the sets with no static noise. On the heels of that, television. The trained thousands of workmen, the new skills, knowledge of micro-waves and even tubes which did not exist three years ago, all are ready for this giant industry when peace comes.

Radio is one of the industries planning to manufacture quick-freeze refrigerators for homes. That project alone is all but an economic revolution. It changes and enlarges marketing habits and food markets, giving the housewife means of storage so that she can shop when prices are right, as well as to keep the garden stuff fresh for winter.

Electronics will furnish automatons for turning lights on or off properly with changing daylight. This can reduce millions of cases of eyestrain due to the now seldom-recognized interval when light is too dim.

Electronics will have 'phones to planes and autos. Walkie-talkies will be able to connect automatically with telephones miles away. This extends the walkie-talkie possibilities to long-distance in a very practical way. The automatic telephone devices to do this already exist.

In plastics you can expect dressers, stands, mirror frames, display signs, coat hangers, door stops, table tops, lamps and shower curtains, in all sorts of colors, some of them luminescent. Extruded plastic rattan will make your upholstery non-soiling and long-wearing. Washable plastic wallets, shoes and handbags will be made in colors.

**OPPORTUNITIES *for Your Boy or Girl* . . TRAVEL FUN AND POPULARITY!**

● You want your children to develop themselves mentally, physically and socially. You want them to make friends easily, have fun and be popular. You have high hopes for their future . . . but have you considered the means of helping them realize these goals which you hope they'll attain?

*Instrumental music offers your children these opportunities!* When they play in the school band they get the advantages which travel provides in broadening their background . . . helping them make desirable new friends . . . seeing the big games and sharing honors with the team . . . winning high ratings in district, state and national music contests and festivals . . . and developing alert minds and healthy bodies. Plan now to give your children this big chance. Start them on their way with a new Conn as soon as new instruments are available!

***FREE BOOK*—"Music, the Emotional Outlet for Youth"**

Tells how music moulds character in youth; how it develops them mentally and physically, keeps them busy but happy. Get this book from your friendly Conn dealer, or write direct to C. G. Conn Ltd., Dept. 403 Elkhart, Indiana.

CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND INSTRUMENTS

# G.I.'s Correspondence School

• The International Correspondence Schools have been teaching fighting men and veterans since the days of the Spanish-American War.

Now helping Uncle Sam train men in all branches of the Armed Forces, I. C. S. is also helping demobilized veterans master trades and professions.

If you're a returning veteran, you probably know about I. C. S. texts from your experience in the Service.

On the home front, I. C. S. Courses can enable you to step up your "fire power" in industrial production . . . continue as the partner of the men still in uniform . . . improve your chances for success in tomorrow's world.

Thousands of I. C. S. graduates are industrial and commercial leaders—and many of this number enrolled as returning veterans of World War I. *Ask any one of them about I. C. S.*

*You* know that *training* is as important to the man in civvies as to the man in fighting clothes.

With I. C. S. you obtain your training while *right on the job.*

Fill out the coupon for full information. Mail it *now!*

ICS

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**

**BOX 7582-D, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.**

**Explain fully about your course marked X:**

- ☐ Accountancy
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- ☐ Auto Technician
- ☐ Aviation Mechanic
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- ☐ Chemistry
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- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electronics
- ☐ Foremanship
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- ☐ Jr. Aero. Engineer
- ☐ Locomotive Engineer
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Plastics ☐ Radio
- ☐ Sheet Metal Work
- ☐ Ship Construction
- ☐ Shop Practice
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Textiles
- ☐ Weather Observation
- ☐ Welding

☐ _____ (Fill in any other subject)

*Name*.....*Age*.....

*Home Address*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

*Present Position*.....*Working Hours*.....*A.M. to*.....*P.M.*

**Discount to Discharged Veterans; Special Tuition Rates for Members of the Armed Forces.**




There will be curved plastic windows, and rugs that stay clean longer due to plastic treatments. Beds, couches, desks and other heavy furniture of plastic-bonded materials will be so light-weight that a woman can push them around.

Plastics will offer outdoor camping outfits, lighter in weight, but durable. Cups of these materials will be almost cool to the fingers when filled with hot coffee.

A revolution in the art of contact lenses for eyesight has started with plastics. These lenses fit over the front of the eyeball, and are invisible. When made of glass, they corrected only one eye trouble. Of plastics, they do everything that spectacles do, except make bifocals. Their use is spreading in America at 5000-a-year new wearers.

Chemists have been experimenting in removing the sand from glass, and thereby produced camera lenses that take wider-angle pictures, and spectacles with improved properties. Both will be available after the war.

Taking out the sand succeeded so well that the chemists next tried adding it to plastics. This produced silicones, a completely new class of industrial products.

One of the silicones eliminates baggy trousers. It is a resin, whose invisible particles prevent fibers from slipping over each other, to insure natty shape through rain, mud, heat and rough wear.

Synthetic rubber, three years ago the puzzle with a thousand headaches, is today the house of a thousand new products. Just to give an idea, there are rubber-flanged zippers, water-tight and air-tight, that would make a zipper football, synthetic flooring and walls that come in rolls, and light-weight building materials with durable metal skins.

There is the first paper house, made for the War Production Board—an emergency housing project, likely to be useful in peace. The aim is a structure whose parts can be flown by plane or carried by auto in one compact load, and that will remain strong and comfortable in all weathers for a year.

This first house is 16 feet by 8 by 8, weighs about 1000 pounds, is all paper except about 60 pounds of fittings, is waterproof and insulated. Its entire materials cost about $50. Manufacturing costs are unknown. Two men set it up in one hour. Without an anchorage it withstood a storm that blew down nearby trees.

New chemical treatments are giving wood some of the magic of plastics, without much expense. Two of them harden wood to the point where it usurps some of the uses of metals.

The anthracite industry has waiting a 75-pound furnace equal in heating to a 1000-pound standard job. The bituminous industry has a smokeless home furnace.

Glass is mingled with textiles and plastics to form materials stronger than either wood or metal for some purposes, such as airplane fuselages. There are five methods to make glass all but invisible. After the war these will be used for spectacles and windows.

A new oil paint mixes with water, due to added resins, and dries in one hour. An interior paint, containing the insect-destroying chemical D.D.T., has killed 90 percent of the flies in a room overnight.

## HELL ON SKY JAPS

(*Continued from page 15*)

teamwork—a finely developed technique in this aerial war. Closely co-ordinated plans of attack aren't the only times teamwork shows up, however. There are other examples, like the day Air Group 28 made a sweep over Clark Field. During the action, Zekes intercepted. In one flurry of action, Lieutenant Raymond G. Thorpe got behind a Zeke, only to have another plane get behind the tail of his own plane. Then Ensign Joseph Greshko attacked the Jap from astern, but as he did so, another Zeke jumped him. Lieutenant (j.g.) William F. Durr dived on the trailing Jap and immediately another enemy plane dived to the rescue. Ensign Clary then attacked the tag-end Zeke from astern and each of the Hellcat pilots shot down the Jap immediately ahead of him with .50 caliber fire.

Sometimes "teamwork" with the enemy is tried as a ruse. Sometimes it works. More often it doesn't. It didn't for one Jap flying a Judy who decided to "join up" with an approaching formation of Hellcats. To give a credulous recognition signal, he rocked his wings in a friendly manner. It wasn't the password as far as one Navy pilot was concerned. He started a run on the intruder, but was beaten to the draw by Lieutenant Jimmie E. Savage, who sent the Judy down in flames by an accurate burst of .50 caliber fire.

"I went to the war plant to complain about them pirating our maid and bingo, they grabbed me too!"

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Reprints of this oil painting, suitable for framing without advertising, will be sent upon request. Write United States Brewers Foundation, 21 E. 40th St., N. Y. C.

# *Western Barbecue* by FLETCHER MARTIN

*One of a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists*

A barbecue on one of our great western ranches, clam bakes on New England's beaches, ball games on a sand lot or in a big-league stadium . . . all these are America, the land we love, the land that today we fight for.

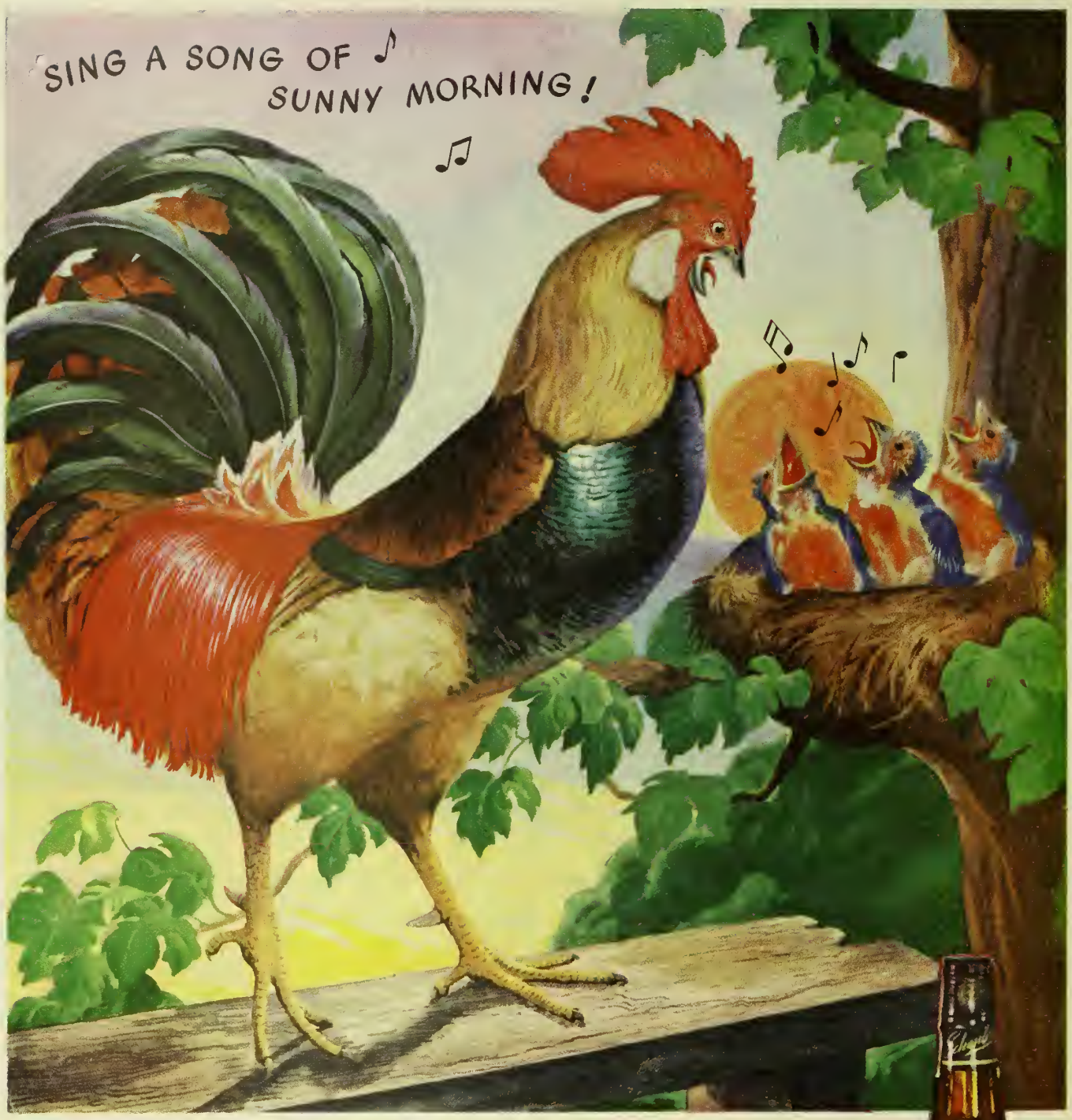
In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverage more fittingly belongs than wholesome, friendly beer. And the right to enjoy this beverage of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

"MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS
... V-MAIL
MAIL THAT LETTER TODAY

*Beer belongs . . . enjoy it*

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION





# Mellow and Bright as a Sunny Morning

YOU'LL KNOW what we mean by "Bright Morning Taste" when you try SCHENLEY Reserve. Every drop is select whiskey blended with choice American grain neutral spirits. No wonder SCHENLEY Reserve is America's largest selling whiskey!

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

**SCHENLEY**
*Reserve*

*They also serve, who* **BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!**

## TASK FORCE

(*Continued from page 21*)

It is the Fast Carrier Task Forces, such as the now famous Task Force 58, which have spearheaded the U. S. Navy's great drive across the Pacific. Today they are striking as far west as the China Coast, launching their thousand-plane strikes against the strongest enemy bases. Their aircraft complement is composed of Grumman Hellcat fighter bombers (F6F), Vought Corsair fighter bombers (F4U), General Motors Avenger torpedo bombers (TBF), Curtiss Helldiver dive bombers (SB2C), and Vought Kingfisher observation scouts (OS2U), a float seaplane designed for liaison and rescue work and carried aboard the battleships and cruisers.

The ratings of the bluejackets who back up the officer pilots on the carriers are shown at the bottom of pages 20-21. Aircrewmen who fly in combat usually wear the insignia of Aviation Radioman or Aviation Ordnanceman. The others back up the flying personnel by working night and day aboard ship to keep the planes in fighting condition.

## GOVERNMENT JOBS

(*Continued from page 23*)

have somewhere around 10,000 employes.

In addition to these job holders concentrated solely within the federal government structure there are some 3,168,000 persons, according to latest census figures, employed in state, county and municipal governments, 1,306,000 of whom are engaged in professional education and school work. The rest perform any manner of jobs all the way from the Governor's aide down to the city garbage collector.

Now, all this adds up to one thing: some 6,500,000 men and women are serving in some capacity or other in federal, state or municipal government agencies. And the taxpayers are footing every cent of the bill.

What does this mammoth government job set-up offer in the way of employment for war veterans in the days to come?

Up to now more than 600,000 men and women have left government employ to enter the armed forces. Each of them is guaranteed his job back, should he desire it, upon being honorably discharged from the service.

In addition, men and women who never before held government positions will have earned through service in the armed forces, the right to preferential treatment in civil service examinations which should virtually assure them the "inside track" on jobs in the huge governmental structure.

Finally, veterans who return to or take new jobs with the Government will be so surrounded by such rights and priorities of retention that when the time arrives for trimming the payrolls in the years to come

(*Continued on page 49*)


**Returning Veterans!**

# *Be your own boss in this profitable business*

Perhaps you've been thinking of your future security in terms of a "job." Then lift your sights, veteran! Start thinking in terms of a *business of your own* . . . a business that holds the promise of success and expanding opportunities from year to year. That's what the automotive service industry offers men who are qualified to start their own garage or service station.

### *A United Motors Service Station Franchise Gives You Your Start*

When you sign a United Motors service station franchise, you're doing a lot more than just "taking on" some automotive parts and products. In the first place, every United Motors line is made up of *original-equipment parts*—the parts needed to service America's leading makes of cars *in every price class*. Equally important, you get the benefits of United Motors' long experience in the automotive field—sound advice on what lines you should start out with, how large a stock to carry, how to get maximum returns on a minimum initial investment.

### *You Have a Business That Will Grow*

There's really no limit to how far you can go in the automotive service business. You may start with only a few lines at first. Then, as your business increases, you can add other great United Motors lines—round out your service and add to your profits. All these United Motors lines are ready to help you grow: Delco-Remy Starting, Lighting and Ignition—Delco Batteries—Delco Hydraulic Brakes—Delco Radios—AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers—Delco Shock Absorbers—Guide Lamps—New Departure Ball Bearings—Klaxon Horns—Hyatt Roller Bearings—Harrison Radiators, Thermostats and Heaters—Inlite Brake Lining.

For a personal interview with a United Motors Service distributor—just fill in the coupon below and mail direct to us.

**NOTE: Legionnaire veterans of World War I are also urged to fill in the coupon below and obtain this information in the interest of sons or friends now serving in the armed forces.**

**UNITED MOTORS SERVICE**
**DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION**
**GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN**

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

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**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!**

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Division of General Motors Corporation
General Motors Bldg., Detroit 2, Michigan

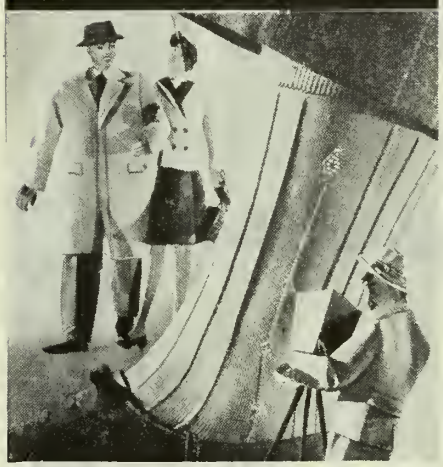
I am interested in United Motors lines. Please arrange a personal interview for me with a United Motors distributor.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



LEAD THE EASTER PARADE in good looking Westminsters. Their good fit and good taste are right for Spring! Their good looks and patterns are always *RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!*

IT'S UNMISTAKABLY SPRING when you start wearing sprightly Westminsters. Choose handsome Regulars or timely Shorts—Westminsters are so *RIGHT 'ROUND THE ANKLES!*

Westminster
AMERICA'S FINER SOCKS



# WE'VE EARNED THOSE BASES

(*Continued from page 11*)

which became the spoils of war after the defeat of Germany in 1918, and the coming defeat of Japan, be similarly internationalized. Uncle Sam helped win both these wars. He is certainly entitled to reciprocal treatment with respect to guardianship over trusteed territory acquired in those two wars.

There should be no difficulty in working out a well-balanced two-sided arrangement with France, Great Britain and the British Dominions on these matters. We have much to offer in any reciprocal agreement. The Hawaiian Islands, Wake, Midway, Guam, Samoa, the Aleutians, to say nothing of the Philippines, are all important aerial way stations in the Pacific. They were all under the American flag when this war began. For air transport bases they are as important to others as the use of foreign islands is to us.

While at Noumea, I talked to the French Governor of New Caledonia about the post-war use of the huge air and naval bases we have established on this island. Because of favorable climate, flying weather and facilities, New Caledonia is the one island about which our naval men are the most anxious. Speaking unofficially, the French Governor was anxious for us to retain our facilities on New Caledonia, and to continue to use them to the largest possible extent. He was somewhat concerned lest we impair the sovereignty of France over some part of the island's territory.

Since we do not desire to enter upon a course of imperialist expansion, it should be easy to reassure, not only the French, but every other country on whose soil we have created airfields. All we ask is a mutually satisfactory agreement that will permit our continued use of the facilities we have created.

But we must not be shortsighted. Within one generation, we have twice gone to war in quarrels that were not of our making. Now we have, at the cost of much blood and treasure, reached a position, which, if maintained, will discourage any aggressor power. Our air bases at key points all over the world are an essential part of our preparation against another war. But unless we continue to use these bases in time of peace, they will not be ready for use in time of war.

That is why we must now secure from Great Britain permission for our commercial air traffic to utilize the 99-year bases, leased to us in the Atlantic and in the Caribbean. By some incredible oversight, we secured these bases for military purposes only. A strict construction of the language of the agreement would enable the British to bar our commercial planes from an airfield in the Bermudas which we dredged up from the bottom of the Atlantic. It is a land area which we ourselves created in the leased area. Surely we should be permitted to use it as a trans-Atlantic way station for our planes.

In the Azores, we were, until recently, the guests of the British even though the islands belong to Portugal. Under the long-standing mutual assistance treaty between Portugal and Great Britain, the Portuguese leased certain areas to the British for military purposes. For some time, we used the British airfield under such restrictions as the British imposed.

Air traffic via the Azores soon developed to a point where we felt justified in negotiating directly with Portugal for the construction of an all-American airfield on another island in the Azores group. This is now in use, and greatly reduces traffic congestion at this busy point. It will be a highly important base for air transport

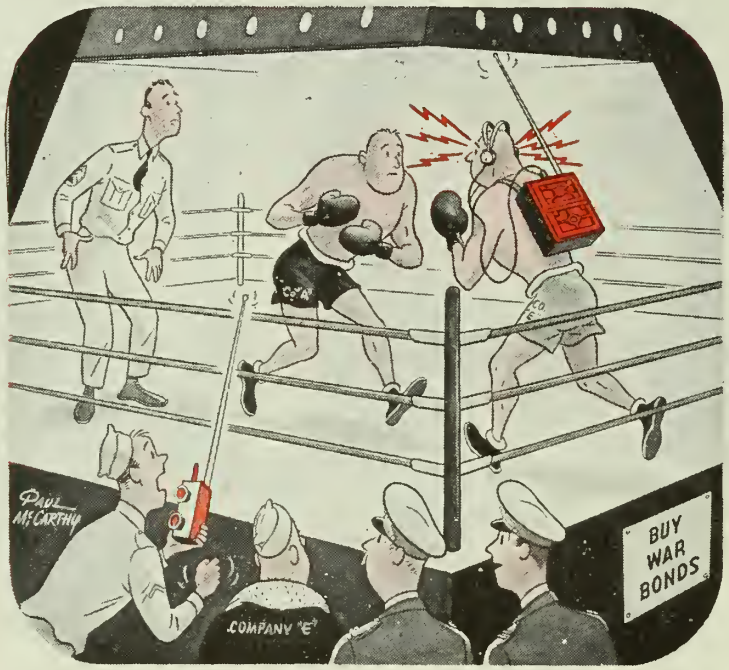
Copr. 1945, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

**PLAY ON A ONE-STRING HARP?** It would be like trying to make truly great beer from a single brewing. That's why the Pabst Blue Ribbon process of *full-flavor blending* combines never less than 33 fine brews, to insure the even goodness and depth of flavor that sets this famous beer apart. Order it with confidence, serve it with pride—for there is no finer beer than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

*33 Fine Brews*
**BLENDED**
*into One Great Beer*

DANNY KAYE ON THE AIR EVERY SATURDAY AT 8 P.M. EWT—CBS
WITH HARRY JAMES AND HIS MUSIC MAKERS

# LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries




"His Man Can't Remember Instructions"

OUR ENTIRE PRODUCTION of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries goes to power walkie-talkies and other vital equipment of the Armed Forces. This is a global assignment for these compact, powerful little batteries and explains why they are not available right now for civilian use.

*We must pay and pay and pay for Victory. So buy and buy and buy those War Bonds!*

*The words "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Co., Inc.*

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

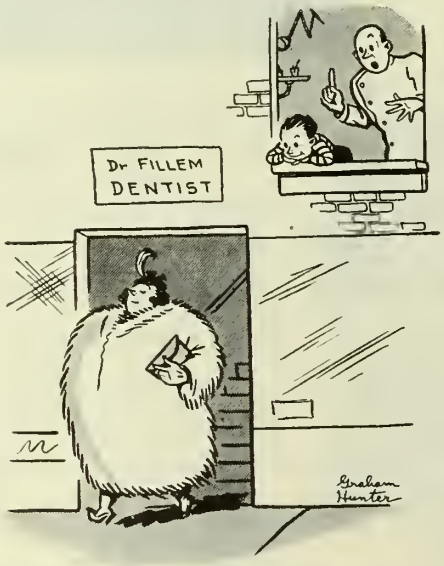

across both the North and Central Atlantic.

Few persons realize that the Azores are a regular wintertime port of call for the Army Air Transport Command on the northern westbound transatlantic flight. The regular winter route from Prestwick, Scotland, to Stevenville on the West Side of Newfoundland is still via the Azores. It takes only three more hours to fly this route than to fly the direct route via Iceland. In winter, wind and weather often make the Azores route the quickest route.

Thanks to some fifty-three North Atlantic weather stations, our pilots know pretty well what the weather will be for every hour of flight, but gas consumption does sometimes exceed predictions which is why alternate landing fields for emergencies are essential to successful transport operations.

That is why we would do well to negotiate with Portugal for the creation of an emergency landing strip in the Cape Verde Islands 320 miles off the coast of Africa. They are on the line of flight from Caribbean ports across the Central Atlantic to Dakar, West Africa. If the pilot knew in advance that he could land and refuel at a point three hundred and twenty miles short of his transatlantic goal, he could substitute payload for part of his gas load.

At the present time, some plane starts on some trans-Atlantic journey on an average of once every seven minutes. Over the Pacific, it may be once every fifteen minutes. At the Chicago Aviation Conference, 23 countries submitted air routes they hoped to fly after the war. Most of them wished to fly to the United States. It would be my policy to welcome them all, provided they extend to our planes the same facilities which we extend to theirs.




"No smart cracks, son! She's your college education!"

I believe in full and free competition for the air traffic of tomorrow. Nor need we fear government or single foreign-line competition, so long as we help frame the rules by which the competitive game is played. We are far ahead of other nations in the development of transport planes. At the close of the war, we will have more usable transport, and more trained transport personnel than all the other countries of the world combined.

But we must not rest on our present advantage. The profitable commercial plane of the post-war period must be able to carry 100 passengers 300 miles per hour on a 3,000 mile non-stop flight for something like $250 per passenger. No such plane is now in general use, although a few have been built.

It is to our interest as a peace-loving nation, an exporting nation and a creditor nation to stimulate the largest possible development of air transport here and abroad.

For all the reasons that have been cited, the United States should proceed at once to negotiate the largest possible number of reciprocal aviation agreements with foreign countries. These negotiations will speed, rather than hinder the progress of

the more comprehensive international agreements, which we also hope to negotiate in the near future.

The Chicago Aviation Conference made a good beginning.

It agreed on some points and paved the way for agreement on others. But it also showed that aviation is keenly competitive in peace as in war. This country cannot afford to rest on the laurels it has fairly won.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Legion policy dealing with the problem of post-war overseas bases and this country's international air commerce in peacetime closely parallels the contentions of Mr. Kaltenborn, as set forth in this article.*

*At the 1944 Chicago National Convention, the Legion stated: "We recommend that International Air Commerce under the United States Flag shall be conducted in accordance with the American principle of free and equal competition under private ownership and management; that freedom of peaceful flight throughout the world and the use in international commerce of airports in every nation are extended to the development of post-war trade and commerce."*

*The Commission on Post War America of the Legion, as approved by the National Executive Committee in September, made this statement:*

*"The future welfare of the nation requires that the United States own or control such island outposts and bases as are essential to our national security. Every effort should be made to obtain such outposts and bases wherever needed."*

*The National Aeronautics Commission, in its report to the National Executive Committee in September, 1944, stated: "The range, load-carrying capacity, and destructiveness of the modern airplane in this war has demonstrated conclusively that the future welfare of the nation requires that we own or control such island outposts and other bases as are necessary for the national security."*

"Whaddya do with the rope, Mac?"

This drink even sounds better!

FOR A CHEERFUL EARFUL, listen to the sparkle of a drink mixed with Canada Dry Water. "PIN-POINT CARBONATION" means liveliness to the last sip.

Canada Dry Water—the world's most popular club soda—is preferred in the finest bars, hotels and clubs. Its special formula points up the flavor of any tall drink. Serve Canada Dry Water in your home . . . it costs no more than ordinary mixers.

BIG BOTTLE 15¢. Plus deposit

CANADA WORLD FAMOUS DRY WATER

For Men who Really Know Pipes

Royalton CROWN

How Can a Pipe Stay Constantly Dry and Cool—Even During Periods of Heavy Smoking?...

ANSWER: Design a condensing well and other inbuilt safeguards that are sure to trap juices and stray bits of tobacco...There is only one pipe so equipped—Royalton Crown. Every pipeful proves that it keeps bowl and stem enduringly dry, providing extra dividends of smoking pleasure.

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# BETTER HEARING!

**Attracted by Zenith's Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord**

**A Model for Practically Every Type of Correctable Hearing Loss**

Again Zenith has brought new encouragement to the hard of hearing!

Thousands who long denied themselves the blessings of better hearing now wear a hearing aid—thanks to the Zenith Radionic's new look of youth. Its Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord is *as little noticeable as eyeglasses* . . . enables you to wear a hearing aid with poise and confidence. See it at your Zenith dispenser's.

**EACH COMPLETE, READY-TO-WEAR**

**1. Model A-2-A** Air Conduction Zenith. New, improved model of famous Zenith standard hearing aid for the person of average hearing loss. Only **$40**

**2. Model A-3-A** Air Conduction Zenith. A brand new *super-power* instrument with reserve volume to assure maximum clarity and tone quality even under most difficult conditions. Only **$50**

**3. Model B-3-A** Bone Conduction Zenith. A new precision instrument created specially for the very few who cannot be helped by any air conduction aid. Only **$50**

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## NIGHT IN CAIRO

(*Continued from page 25*)

apparently. Nearby stood the ammunition . . . five boxes deep, the American ordnance symbols blackened. Jim's eyes, travelling slowly, became aware of Charlie, too.

The fat man stood, short legs apart, dead cigar in his mouth and in his hand Jim's pistol. "I fancy American weapons," he said smoothly. "Poorer than German but good enough."

Jim stayed quiet. He'd been a fool. A barefoot Egyptian with a club blocked the door. "The devil who hit me," Jim thought. Against the wall, smoking, another Wog, an ugly character.

"So you follow?" Charlie grunted. "That is unhealthy." He kicked at him. "Where are my guards from the road?"

Jim thought quickly, "Guards?"

"Take off his shoes," Charlie ordered the Wog, "burn his feet. Then he'll talk."

As the Egyptian leaped forward, Jim saw a new flash of movement at the door. The guard there looked surprised, and dropped his club. A newcomer entered swiftly, silently.

Mohamet. Mohamet in this, too? Jim groaned. So Mohamet tricked him, set an ambush. . . .

Charlie was urging, "Quick, take off his shoes!"

Mohamet carried a pistol—the antique from the hotel shop. But he was using it to cover Charlie, and then, just to leave no doubt about it, he was sticking it in the big fellow's ribs. Judas, he was there to help! There might be a chance, thought Jim, kicking furiously, and upsetting the Wog bending over him.

Mohamet yelled in a heathen tongue. But Charlie, understanding, dropped Jim's pistol and stood, hands in air. Jim rose shakily, snatched his gun off the floor, and faced Charlie.

"Get the others, Mohamet!"

Mohamet already had kicked one Wog into a corner. "The rifles," he gloated. "Look! I recover! And the ammunition! So now the hundred piaster, please."

"Tie them," Jim panted, "quick!"

JIM talked fast, telling his story to the civil police chief. Charlie Sam, a native of Malta, was already in jail, with his four barefooted cut-throats. All of this within a single night. It was just dawn. By hurrying, he still might catch the morning plane back to Basra.

Mohamet was talking: "It is the desk clerk warns Charlie," he explained. "When I descend from you, the lift-boy tell me: To the dining-room the Turk goes. So I hurry, and listen. I hear Charlie say Sure, he catch you, sir, lieutenant, finish you fast like sheep." Mohamet straightened his fez. "But I fast, too. I run for the bazaar. The stupid owner looks not so I borrow his pistol. Then quick into the tex-cab with my brother. Quick to the hiding place, to arrive before you, sir, so they will not hurt you!" Mohamet wiped his eyes. "For if they kill you, how will I collect the hundred piasters you promise?"

Jim asked, "Where's that damned Turk now?"

"Gone," the police chief answered. "We'll find him, though."

"Later," Mohamet said. "Our business first, please. You agree, sir, the one-hundred piaster note for me? Ah, thank you, m'sieur, you are a good man. And for my brother, to ride me to the *Auberge,* ten more piasters? And for him and me both. . . ."

"Hey!" Jim protested.

". . . him and me both, sir, to run down the guards and tie them, fifteen . . ." Mohamet paused hopefully . . . "sixteen please, sir, for each? And also for my brother to fetch police, another thirty. And for me, for sending the peddler, a mere five. . . ."

Jim counted out the coins. "That all you want, now?"

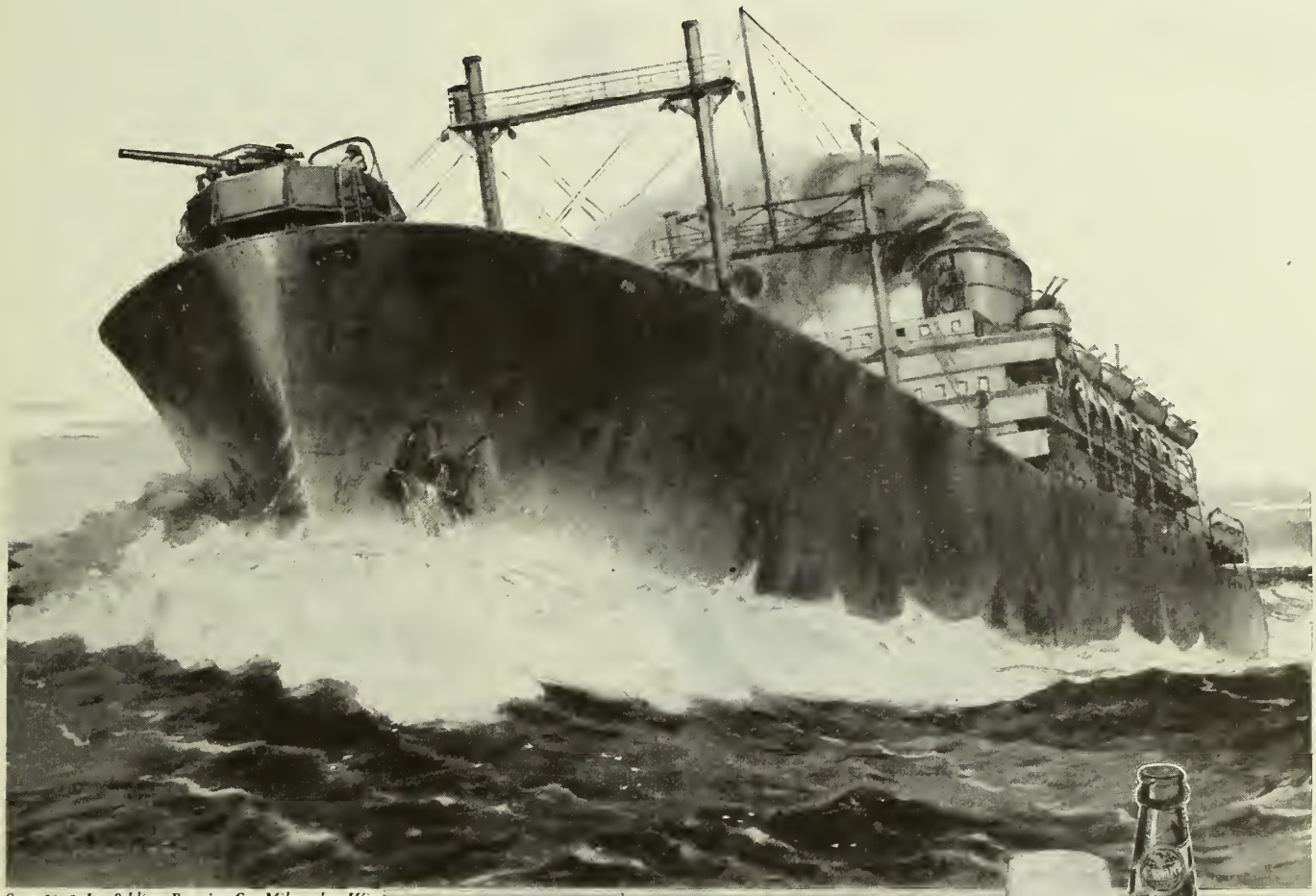
"Oh, no, sir." Mohamet rubbed his long nose. "For the beautiful pistol that you now must pay the greedy shopkeeper."

"Okay," Jim said. "Anything else?"

"For the luck, five piasters, please. That is all, except, sir, Lieutenant, I love you as a brother."

"For that," Jim decided, "you may charge one more piaster."

# Every fourth bottle of Schlitz goes overseas



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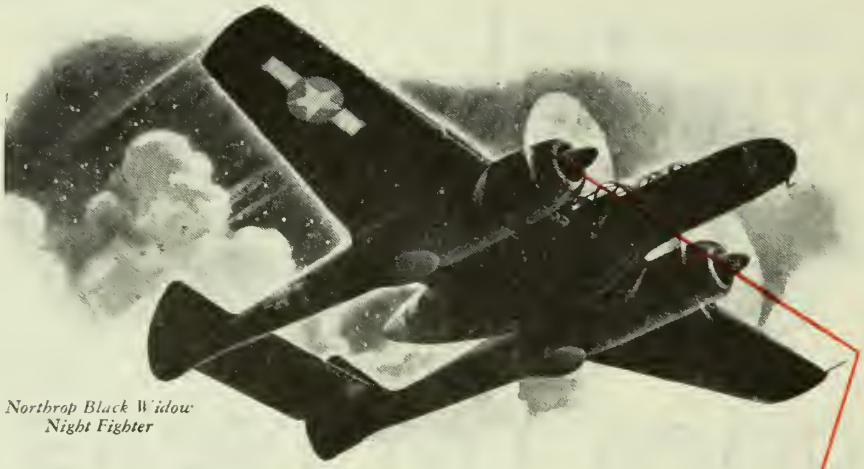

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## THE DESERTER

(*Continued from page 9*)

of a rocky sea cape. We had stormed the enemy garrison at Attu village and pushed the little yellow men out of their crude fortifications and up into the hills, under the snow peaks. At the crest of the first hill the Japs had made a stand with rifles, mortars and machine guns, and their resistance here was so determined that the battle now was in doubt. Our artillery had not yet been brought up, and the Japs on the mortars and the machine guns were very good.

"We've got to get close enough to use our grenades," said a worried, grim-faced major in command of an infantry unit attacking the hill. He had come down to the beach to hasten the unloading of vital equipment, and he was telling the beachmaster how the assault was going. "We've got to get in there and blast them out of their foxholes before dark or they'll get set during the night and tomorrow it will be bad on that hill."

The kid was there at the rim of the surf helping to unload ammunition, and he heard this. He had no business being ashore. He was in the Merchant Marine and his job was aboard his ship. But during the long voyage from the States he had made friends with the troops, and when they went ashore he had put on a gray navy helmet and managed to slip unobserved into a landing craft. He told a sergeant on the beach that he wanted to be with his friends when they went into battle. He said he had tried to lie about his age to get into the Army, and when he failed he had lied his way into the Merchant Marine, but only to be near combat troops.

"Major, let me go up there," he pleaded. "I know I can throw grenades over the rim of that hill. I was a baseball pitcher in school and I can do that job for you."

"Son," said the major after a quick look at him, "you get the hell back aboard your ship. You've got work to do out there—work as important as mine. Get going now, and don't come back."

But the kid didn't return to his ship. The moment he was unobserved, he picked up a Garand, filled his pockets with grenades from a case the assault troops had opened, and went up over the rocky sea cape to the mist-hung hill where the mortars and machine guns were hammering. The kid could throw a grenade, all right. I saw him lob two over the coarse wind-brushed grass into Jap foxholes, silencing a pair of guns. He was getting into position to try for a third when the major returned from the beach, and recognizing the kid's navy helmet, called him over and told him angrily that if he did not go back at once to his ship he would place him under arrest and have him court martialed as a deserter.

The kid started back, but as soon as he

"Don't mention this to the others, but there's been some mistake. I was hung for first degree murder!"

was out of the major's sight he went across the opposite flank of the assault and began throwing grenades again. He had a pitcher's arm and shoulder, and when he threw a grenade he knew where it was going to land. The major saw him twice more, and each time sent an aide to arrest him, but the kid managed to evade them. He was still throwing grenades when the final push which took the hill was made, and the troops said he had knocked out five of the enemy guns. They said all the remaining Jap gunners were now trying for him, doing their best to cut him down. His gray navy helmet set him apart and made him a good target—and at last a sniper got him.

"I don't want anybody trying to make a hero of him," the major told us that night in his headquarters, when the hill was won. "Modern warfare is teamwork and discipline, and he had neither. He left his post of duty and that made him a deserter, and I want you all to know it."

The major was writing a letter on a plank table which had belonged to Colonel Yamasaki, the Jap commander. He was so tired that his West Pointer's shoulders had slumped and his hands shook badly as he wrote. I was about to tell him that, if he insisted on branding the kid a deserter, I would risk my war correspondent's credentials in the boy's behalf, when I saw the first lines of the letter he was writing. They read:

"Dear sir:

"By the time you receive this the Navy Department will have informed you of the death of your son, who was a member of the Merchant Marine. It is my privilege to add that he was a hero in the most exact sense of the word, and that what he did here today will always be proudly remembered by his friends, the officers and men of this regiment. . . ."

## OUTFIT NOTICES

SPACE restrictions permit us to publish only announcements regarding scheduled reunions:

U.S.S. LEVIATHAN VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion-dinner, New York City, Apr. 7, has been cancelled, in accord with Byrnes request. R. L. Hedlander, Greenwich, Conn.

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# LOOKS AT UMT

(*Continued from page 19*)

and must be carefully fitted into the whole of that program.

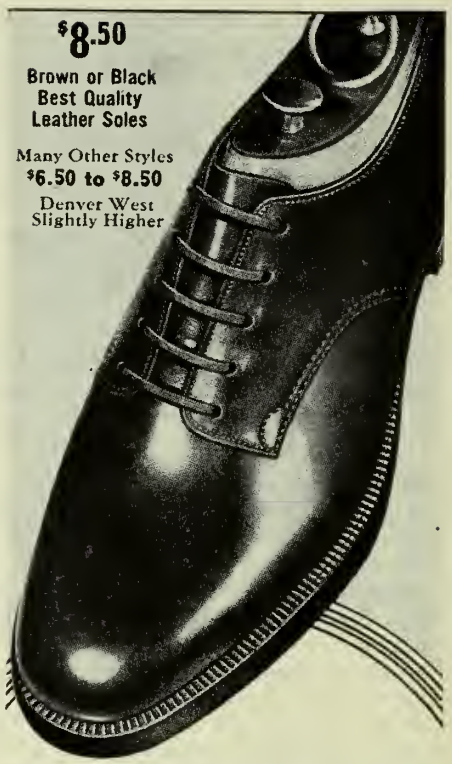
*The time to adopt the universal military training policy is now and not later.*

A wise American journalist has said, "Americans have the habit of doing their planning afterwards." Pearl Harbor provided tragic proof of this habit.

Granting that we cannot now know the size of the armed forces required for national security at the end of the present war, I am too skeptical as to the practical meaning of "the end of the present war" to depend upon mere partial preparedness for safety. It is impossible for me to follow the logic of those opposed to the prompt enactment of the proposed legislation on the grounds that "such a step might endanger our efforts to establish an organization of nations to preserve the peace," and that there are "great dangers in any unnecessary break with our tested democratic tradition respecting military service in times of peace." These quotations are from the resolutions recently adopted by a leading educational organization.

*The bills now under consideration by Congress may well be modified so as to cover at least three items of major importance.*

1. As I read these bills it does not appear that adequate provision has been made for the integration of the proposed training with the work of the higher educational institutions. Personally, I hope some form of the ROTC and NROTC will be retained as a recognized part of a scheme designed to make the maximum use of many of our best youth, after the year of compulsory service.
2. The experiences of the present war have demonstrated the critical importance of highly trained scientific personnel for the conduct of modern warfare. We have not yet learned efficiently to identify, to segregate and to utilize such personnel in a national emergency. Consequently it is clear that some definite provision should be made whereby those young men possessing specialized, scientific talents of a high order, after the required one year of training, may be permitted to qualify as members of the Scientific Reserve, and be relieved of the so-called refresher training as now provided in H. R. 1806 and in H. R. 3497. The maintenance of such Scientific Reserve is to be considered to be a prime element for any national security program.
3. While such a change is improbable, the logic of events indicates that any complete program for the training and utilization of our youth power will include young women as well as young men. Eventually, why not now!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THE WORLD OVER

Throughout my reflections upon this whole matter there is one fear. This is centered in the oft used arguments relative to the advantages to the individual. I am far from convinced that "military training will teach, as no other system of education can teach, personal hygiene, public sanitation, neatness and promptness, respect for property and authority, to care for one's self in emergency." Under the conditions of a military camp, perhaps, yes. Under the civilian conditions one is justified in having doubts as to the extent to which the discipline of military authority is automatically carried over as practiced self-discipline. Let us not claim too much. Would it not be better to know and to feel that there is a disagreeable, necessitous job in which all must assume a properly proportioned share if all are to retain a chance for living as Americans aspire to live?

There is one possible product of Universal Military Training that may be held in mind. That is the signal importance of developing, to a far greater extent than has yet been considered, a national health and physical fitness program. If we are to have American youth physically fit at 18 years of age for their required military training, the common sense of present experiences tells us that we shall have to give intensive attention to the physical condition of children during the decade preceding the eighteenth birthday.

## FISHING

*(Continued from page 28)*

left. I hope he caught a fish. And I hope he passes his physical. One could not help but admire his spirit!

At the time this is written, the OPA ban against the use of "A" gasoline rations for pleasure driving has been, at least temporarily, removed. But "A" rations provide very little mileage for the sportsman, particularly when the car is used for shopping or other domestic purposes. Many

"Him no walkie—him no talkie"


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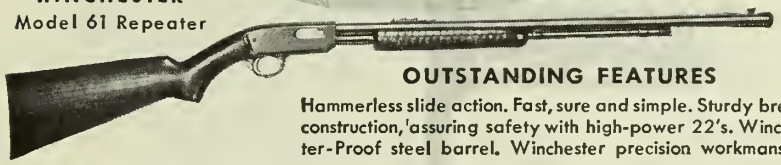

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sportsmen now pool their cars in groups of four or five and thus are enabled to make short trips which otherwise would be out of the question. Rail and bus travel still are possible in many regions and some of the best fishing waters can be reached by these means.

That fishing and hunting continue popular sports is evidenced by the fact that in most States the sale of hunting and fishing licenses has dropped but little since the beginning of the war, despite the fact many thousand sportsmen now are away with the Armed Forces. This indicates conclusively that thousands of persons are fishing today who did not fish prior to the war.

Anglers, for the most part, now are confining their efforts to local waters, and many have discovered that the "fable of far fields" often is only a fable, and have found fishing they never before realized existed so close to home.

Four miles from my home in southern New York State is a large reservoir which has, for many years, been liberally stocked with several varieties of game fish. And although this water is heavily fished and the use of rowboats has been prohibited for the duration so one is obliged to fish from shore, I have, since the beginning of the war, taken dozens of big rainbow and brown trout, small-mouth and large mouth black bass, togue, pickerel, and white perch. The record for this lake is a sixteen and one-half pound brownie which took first place nationally in the "Field and Stream" contest several years ago. So I do not feel I am suffering any hardship when a half-hour's bus ride can place me on a water containing such magnificent fish.

Then there is a sweet little trout stream about an hour or so away by rail. This stream tumbles down through an ancient hemlock forest and is as beautiful as any stream I've ever seen anywhere in the North Woods. It is within a mile of the railroad station, and usually is good for a brace or two of nice brook and brown trout and, occasionally, a big rainbow.

There are waters similar to these in hundreds of comparatively heavily-settled communities.

But the fishing tackle shortage is a real problem in most localities. To be sure, some of the larger tackle stores have assembled fair stocks of second-hand rods and reels, and there is a limited amount of items such as lines, leaders, flies and other lures still coming through. But the angler who feels the pinch of the shortage will be obliged to use his ingenuity in the construction of various items. After all, one does not have to be an expert fly-tyer to tie a fly that will take fish. Nor is it difficult to whittle wooden plugs. I have fashioned them from short sections of broomstick, and the bass have taken them as readily as the store variety. Certain pieces of costume jewelry and fancy beads, such as may be obtained at almost any "five and dime"


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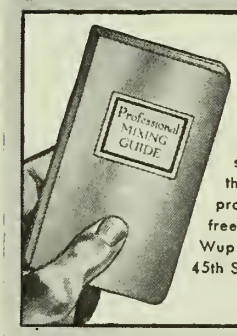


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store can be made into spoons and minnows. They act well in the water and the game fish hit them.

SPRING fishing seasons soon will be under way throughout the United States and Canada. Thousands of wearied servicemen, home on furlough, war workers and others will turn to the streams and lakes for spiritual solace and mental and physical relaxation.

And in the meantime, sportsmen and conservationists at home must not let down. We must continue to stock fish and game. We must not let fishless waters and gameless covers greet our returning service men and women, for these things are the rightful heritage of all those who love the great out-of-doors.

## GOVERNMENT JOBS

(*Continued from page 37*)

they will almost certainly keep their jobs. Their retention, Civil Service officials hurriedly point out, will, however, be based on their performances rather than their preferences.

The merit system of today was established by the Civil Service Act of 1883, which provided that competitive examinations, practical in character, should be held from time to time to test the qualifications of applicants for government positions, and that the "eligibles"—those whose ratings in the examinations were 70 or above—should be considered for appointment in an order determined primarily by their examination ratings. The act established the United States Civil Service Commission, and gave this agency the responsibility of conducting examinations and of assigning ratings to those who participated in them.

Even before the signing of the Armistice in 1918, came the realization that the war had created a vast number of new problems that must be solved. The huge clerical force set up during the war must be disbanded, as fairly, humanely and yet as efficiently as possible. Meanwhile, returning veterans were clamoring for preferential treatment in appointments to government jobs.

And so the sentiment of the general public began crystallizing in the direction of granting preference for government jobs to all veterans. Organizations formed by the disbanded servicemen became active in supporting legislation for all such veterans.

The reports of the American Legion Committee on Legislation, read and accepted at the Legion National Convention in November, 1919, declared:

> "The American Legion has obtained amendments to the proper bills which provide that civil service preference be given to honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines in Federal positions throughout the country."

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"Guess who!"

This referred to the Census Act of 1919, to which a rider had been attached just before passage which, in effect, decreed that preference should be given to all honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines, disabled or otherwise, and to their widows.

As a result of the legislation, the Civil Service Commission, which had been receiving from 600 to 900 claims for veterans preferences each year, began to get up to 70.000 a year.

Disabled veterans were given an additional ten points and non-disabled veterans were given five points by order of President Coolidge and disabled veterans were ordered placed at the head of the civil service registers. This preference is in effect today.

The most vivid re-endorsement of point preference came in the much heralded Veterans' Preference Act of 1944, which in addition to defining specific procedure for veteran preference, "froze" certain government positions exclusively for veterans. These are, (1) the thousands of custodian jobs, including caretakers of abandoned federal reservations and of federal cemeteries, dam tenders, firemen-laborers, janitors and canal lockmen, (2) elevator operators, (3) guards and (4) messengers.

The act also calls for the waiving of physical requirements and of age, height and weight requirements of veterans provided such requirements are not essential to performance of the duties of the positions applied for.

Ten points also are given the wife of a disabled veteran in a civil service examination if the veteran himself is unable to qualify for an appointment because of his disability. The widows of honorably discharged wartime veterans, who have not remarried, also get the ten-point preference.

And, of even greater importance, the Civil Service gives disabled veterans additional preference over non-veterans. Their names are placed ahead of all non-veterans on civil service employment rolls submitted to government agencies for appointment.


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Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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All war veterans holding honorable discharges, even though they were not injured in war service, are allowed five points in civil service examinations.

One of the greatest of all veterans-rights to employment is contained in the National Selective Service and Training Act which guarantees that,

"such person shall be restored to such position or to a position of like seniority, status and pay . . ."

The act lays down three conditions upon which reemployment hinges: (a) The veteran must hold a discharge granted under honorable conditions; (b) he must be qualified to perform the duties of the position to which he is seeking reinstatement; and (c) he must apply for reemployment within 90 days of his release from the armed forces.

A recent amendment eased the rigidity of the 90-day rule by stating that the requirement is met if the veteran makes application within 90 days after "release from hospitalization continuing after discharge for a period of not more than one year."

This means that men who continue in Veterans' Hospitals after they are actually discharged from the service have a full year in which to regain their health and employability before relinquishing their rights to the old job.

The Civil Service Commission went a step further in ruling that if a man's old job has been wiped out of existence, either through dissolution of the agency by congressional action or through budgetary reductions, the Commission will do its best to find another job of like seniority and pay for him.

At present, the Commission is holding firm to the policy that no veteran shall be denied re-employment on the basis of a physical handicap unless his disability makes it impossible for him to perform his duties or would reduce his job efficiency to a level below that normally expected or his presence on the job would jeopardize the safety or health of himself or of others.

It should be pointed out that all the safeguards placed around veterans are in extremely able hands. Heading up the Veterans' Service Section of the Commission is Charles R. Anderson, who has seen long service with the government. His aide and right-hand man is Bruce Stubblefield, associate section chief. Stubblefield knows well the problems of war veterans, having been for many years with the Rehabilitation Division of The American Legion's Washington office. Both these men have the complete backing of the Civil Service Commission in their efforts in behalf of veteran's placement.

*The following organizations cooperated in assembling material in this article: U. S. Civil Service Commission, New York Navy Yard, U. S. Customs Service, War Food Administration, Adolf Gobel, Inc., New York Post Office.*


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# Manila Lives Again

*An Eyewitness Story*

**By BOYD B. STUTLER**

American Legion War Correspondent

*By radio from Manila*

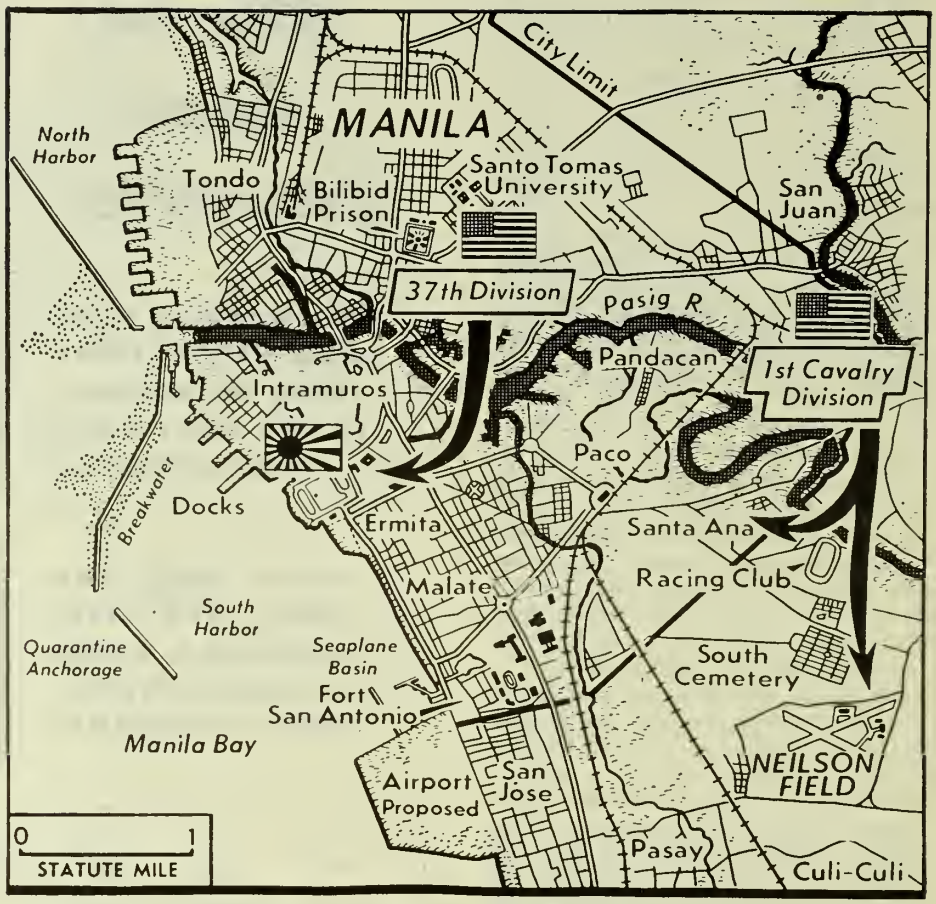
STRIKING swiftly and surely in one of the most daring raids into enemy territory in this global war, Gen. MacArthur's veteran troops liberated Manila, inflicting one of the most complete military defeats in modern history on a powerful and well-intrenched enemy force. The freeing of Manila symbolized the redemption of the entire Philippines, as did the taking of Paris that of France.

The American flag and the flag of the Commonwealth of the Philippines fly proudly over Manila, which lives again in freedom, though badly scarred by the demolitions the Japs set off as they retreated.

"What the Japanese barbarians have done without cause to Manila will be done to Tokyo with cause," said Brig. Gen. Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine Resident Commissioner at Washington, back to take part in the liberation of his homeland. "Tokyo must be razed to the ground," he added bitterly.

Manila, chief objective of the Luzon campaign, fell only 26 days after the first landing on Lingayen Gulf, 120 miles north of the capital. A flying squadron of Maj. Gen. Verne D. Mudge's First Cavalry Division had the honor of entering the city first, the dismounted troopers being led by Brig. Gen. William C. Chase. With three tanks and a few pieces of light artillery they swept in from the east minutes ahead of elements of the 37th Infantry Division. Taking the enemy completely by surprise, the cavalrymen drove like a thunderbolt directly to Santo Tomas University, where they liberated some 3,700 interned civilians after a short, bitter battle with the Nips. The 37th liberated eight hundred military prisoners, survivors of Bataan and Corregidor, and 500 civilians from filthy old Bilibid Prison. The 37th commander is Maj. Gen. Robert S. Beightler, former Highway Commissioner of Ohio, member of Franklin Post of the Legion in Columbus.

Hitting the southern outskirts of the city a few hours later, elements of Maj. Gen. Joseph M. Swing's 11th Airborne Division closed the route of escape to the south.




A map of the Philippine capital drawn shortly after Yank forces crossed the Pasig River, but before they had cleared the city of Nips

I entered the embattled city in state, riding a weapons carrier piloted by Col. Phil LaFollette, three times Governor of Wisconsin, now on the staff of Gen. MacArthur. A World War I veteran, the colonel is a member of William B. Cairns Post of the Legion at Madison. Pushing on to the civilian internment camp at Santo Tomas, we witnessed heart-rending scenes as the internees, thin and emaciated, reacted emotionally to the first realization of their deliverance.

It was in this prison pen that the civilian survivors of Manila Post of the Legion were held. "The . blankety-blank bums couldn't get me down," snapped Maj. Willard H. Waterous, Medical Corps, formerly of Glendale, Mont., and member of Manila Post, a resident of the Philippine capital since 1923. Shortly after being liberated he was caring for the sick. Also at Santo Tomas I found Maj. Harry Morgan, one of the organizers of the Philippine Department, for many years Department Commander, and since 1924 Department Adjutant and Finance Officer. He told me that of the more than 300 members of the Department in 1941-'42 nearly half were Filipinos. These men are scattered all over the islands, many of them serving as guerrillas, and Major Morgan fears that casualties among them have been heavy. With the major in Santo Tomas were Past Department Commanders Benjamin Ohnick, Samuel Wilson and Byron Ford, the last named having been in office when the Japs came in 1942. Legionnaire Ford was president of the Philippine Trust Co.

Col. Courtney Whitney, Department Commander in 1939-40, came back to Manila with the first wave of assault troops as a member of the staff of Gen. MacArthur, who is a life member of Cudworth Post of Milwaukee. A little group stretched out at ease on the ground at Santo Tomas included Maj. John Primrose, Eufala, Okla., and Lt. Col. David L. Hardee, 27 years in the Army, whose home is in Durham, N. C. He is a Past Commander of Clyde Bolling Post of Winston-Salem in that State.

At Bilibid Prison was found Commander George G. Harrison, USN, member of C. C. Thomas Post of the Legion in San Francisco; Col. Joseph H. Craig, Medical Corps, of Lincoln (Neb.) Post; Maj. Charles A. McLaughlin, Philadelphia, Pa., and a number of other Legionnaires. Commander Harrison, who had charge of harbor craft at Mariveles, Col. Craig and Maj. McLaughlin survived the terrible March of Death from Mariveles to Camp O'Donnell.

# *All-American Taste*

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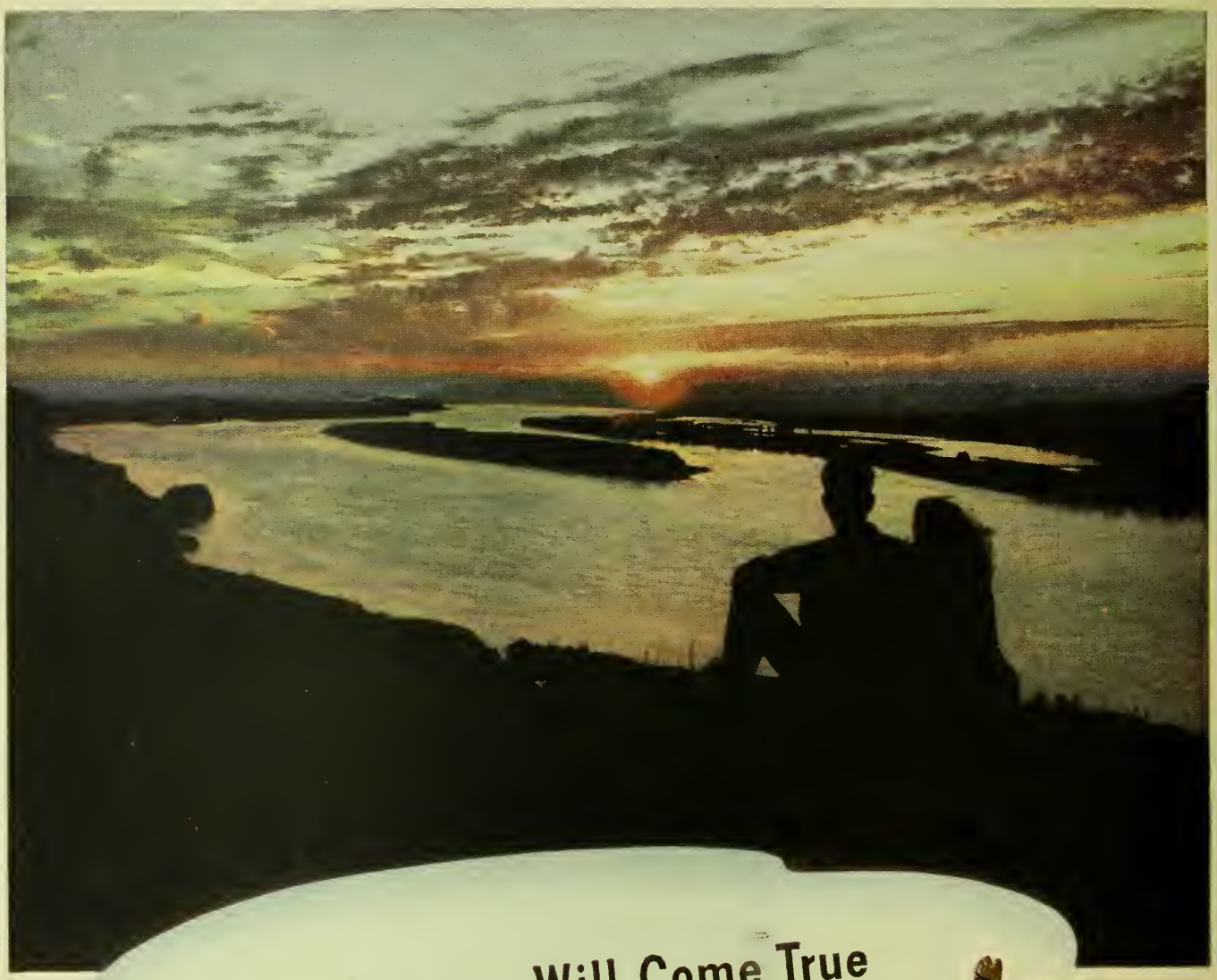

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When a fellow puts his uniform in mothballs and slips on those loose, easy civvies . . . that's comfort.

When he and the lady he loves discover a velvet bank overlooking a river that runs all silver in the sunset—a place to dream those old happy dreams . . . *that's Heaven!*

Hard months of war may lie ahead but, with final victory, Greyhound intends to help make a lot of those dreams come true for a lot of fighters—both in and out of uniform.

Today it must be all hard work and sacrifice if we're to win the last tough battle.

Then, in a better tomorrow, the great highways of America will re-introduce us all to the land we love. *Let's speed that day!*

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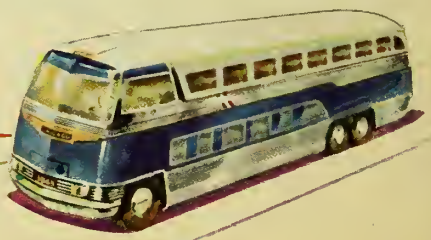
*will roll along the highways of America in the good days to come. Greyhound will again pioneer in their design and operation—and that means tops in comfort, scenic enjoyment.*



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